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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"PENNSYLVANIA DAY," SEPTEMBER 28TH—THE DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS ON GEORGE'S HILL. THE GEORGE WASHINGTON BUST.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 67.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

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A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We take pleasure in announcing to our readers that we shall shortly begin the publication of a new Christmas Story, written specially for the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, by the eminent English novelist, B. L. Farjeon. All who are familiar with the graces of Mr. Farjeon's style, his intimate acquaintance with human nature, his thrilling portraiture of life in all its varied phases, and his graphic powers of description, will eagerly welcome this latest production of his pen.

SOUTHERN POLITICS.

THERE would be very little reason to doubt that every one of the States lying south of Mason and Dixon's line could be relied upon to give a majority for Tilden and Hendricks if the voters there were left to the untrammelled exercise of their own inclinations at the polls. But since it has been determined by the Administration that the votes of the South shall be deposited at the point of the bayonet, the result of the November elections cannot be predicted with so absolute a degree of confidence as would be the case if the voters were left in the enjoyment of the same liberty that is secured to the people of the North and West. President Grant and Attorney-General Taft would be very willing, no doubt, to render the same assistance to the Republican ticket in New York and New Jersey that they propose doing for the Republicans in South Carolina and Mississippi; but fortunately it has been decided by the Supreme Court that no officials acting under the orders of the President shall interfere in any manner with any citizen in the exercise of his right to register or vote for State or County candidates. There is some question whether this decision will apply in the case of voting for members of Congress; but it is hardly to be imagined that any United States Marshal, or armed soldier will attempt to interfere with the rights of citizens in the Northern States. In the South the case is different; the soldiers have been ordered to the points where it is supposed they will do the most good for the Republican ticket, and Attorney-General Taft has fully approved the action of the President. With all the Federal assistance that can be given in South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana, the Republicans do not expect to carry either of those states; but there is no knowing what may be done when bayonets are bristling around the polls.

A correspondent in the northern part of Louisiana sends us a letter expressing great apprehensions of the disastrous effects of the interference on the part of Marshal Packard and other Federal officials, backed by United States soldiers, in the elections this month. The letter is dated at Monroe, La., and in it the writer says: "The cartoon in your issue of the 23d September is a literal truth. In the election of 1874 Mr. F. H. Cann, a gentleman of intelligence and worth, a planter who resides eighteen miles below Monroe, had been especially solicited by the negroes in his immediate neighborhood to become a candidate. Acting upon the idea of his supposed strength with the colored voters in that locality, he was nominated by the Democratic Party for the State Legislature. On the morning of the

election a detachment of cavalry reported at this precinct to John Ray, elected at the time by the Radicals to the United States Senate, but then acting as Commissioner at this polling district. The detachment of cavalry remained at the polls all day. Some twenty of the freedmen went to Mr. Cann and told him that they could not now vote for him, as the soldiers had come, and they were compelled to vote for the Republican candidates. From present appearances we are to go through the same ordeal. The negroes will not now, however, be so easily intimidated by the Radicals. They begin to see that their leaders have deceived them. They are joining the Democratic clubs in many parishes in large numbers. They are enthusiastic, and proud of their freedom from Radical intimidation. This parish is the head-centre of Radicalism in North Louisiana. It is the home of the Rays, Sudelings, Moreys, and all that class of politicians. But we fully expect to carry it by a handsome majority. The Hon. Robert Ray, elected judge of the district by Republicans, and again nominated by the same party, refuses to support the Radical State ticket, for the reason, as he says in his letter, its election will not bring peace and reform to the State. G. T. Dann, District-Attorney, and elected at the same time with Mr. Ray by the Republicans, publishes a card announcing his retirement from politics. Packard and his crew are advertised to be here on the 23d, but the Radicals say he will not be supported by them, and he certainly will not be by the Democratic Party."

It is plain from this letter, which came from a trustworthy and intelligent citizen of Louisiana, that the people of the South, whether Democrats or Republicans, regard with suspicion and disfavor the attempt to interfere with their civil rights by the Federal officials. What is wrong in New York cannot be right in Mississippi or in Louisiana, and every man here knows what the feeling would be among citizens of all classes, and of all shades and grades of political opinion, if any attempt were made to prevent by the means of armed men, or United States Marshals, the free exercise of the rights of voters at the polls.

It is a very bad sign for the peace and prosperity of the whole country that the old feeling of animosity to the South, which was so vehemently asserted by political agitators a short time before the troublesome times that ended in the Rebellion, should again manifest itself in talk about the "solid South." The South was then solid, and rich and powerful; but it is not so now. It has not yet had time to recuperate, and it must necessarily be many years before it can. It must be let alone; the South must be permitted the enjoyment of the same political privileges that are secured to every other section of the Union, or there is danger of its becoming like Bulgaria, where the attempt to rule it from without has converted it into a field of horrors. The duty of reconstructing the South, of effecting a reconciliation between the emancipated negroes and their former owners and masters, is one of the most difficult that ever any civilized people had to perform; but it is a duty which must be left to the people of the South, for it is impossible that any one outside of their own territories can assist them in it. The deplorable scenes that have been witnessed there, the sufferings of both whites and blacks, which cannot be comprehended fully except by those who have witnessed them, might all have been avoided, but for the fell spirit of political ambition which caused the leaders in Washington to keep their grip upon the throat of the South for the furtherance of their own selfish schemes. Thanks to the persistent efforts of the opponents of the present Administration, there is a brightening prospect for the South, and there is no other part of the country which will rejoice so heartily, or have such good reasons for rejoicing in November, as the "solid South" when the returns come in proving that the cause of Reform has triumphed in the election of Tilden and Hendricks.

TWEED REDUX.

THE dramatic element in Tweed's fortunes seems never to fail. As the architect of those fortunes, he has prepared a series of surprises which by this time must have become as tedious and worrying to himself as they are interesting to his victims, the taxpayers. For even those victims of his immense thefts are probably beginning to consider themselves somewhat indemnified in the contemplation of his chapter of arrests and imprisonments and wanderings. A feeling akin to pity is probably uppermost with many who read of this king of the caucus and the primary meeting, this political Croesus, marched ingloriously through the streets of a hot Spanish town, on foot, beside the companion of his furtive travels, guarded by foreign soldiers, to a more secure lock-up. When we think of his arrest in distant, old-fashioned Spain, with the previous pur-

suit of him through Cuba, unannounced up to that time, and with the curious varieties of names given to or assumed by him, assuredly the whole thing reads like a romance. There is no wonder that even Sheriff Connor thought the first reports of his arrest at the insignificant port of Vigo altogether a myth. It is true the Spanish Government has a long-standing reputation for readiness in the delivery of criminals that have taken refuge on its soil, and in this case it had been the recipient of a particular service done it by our own Government some years since, in the same line of rendition of a fugitive from justice—a favor, no doubt, which it wished to requite in the surrender of Tweed.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Spain would have moved in the matter of Tweed's arrest without the application first of our own national authorities, which latter again are said to have been enlisted in the pursuit by those of New York. At the same time the Federal State Department, as it appears at present, had also sufficient grounds for a demand of arrest and surrender, in the forgery, by some parties in New York, in behalf of Tweed, of passports by which, under the name of Secor, he was enabled to get through Cuba and into Spain as he did before such arrest. Such a fraud on the United States Government would doubtless be good reason for the rendition and punishment of the offender even were there no greater offense to induce it, as well as to claim prior satisfaction at the hands of justice. In the present instance Tweed has, of course, little to fear from Federal justice, after New York has done with him. The lesser offense is swallowed up in his greater ones. When New York will be done with him, however, is now the chief subject of speculation, in Tweed's own mind, doubtless, as in that of the public. When his destination was announced to him the other day as being to New York direct, instead of to Cuba in the first instance, or at any rate when stepping upon the deck of the *Franklin*, whose mission he would, under ordinary circumstances, conceive to be for his own protection in a foreign land, equally with any of his countrymen, the thoughts and feelings of poor Tweed must have had a fresh impulse in the direction of trouble. Proof, as he has been considered, to fear or repentance, he must have yielded in some degree to dismay, if not to compunction. The question, "What are you going to do about it?" is probably a superfluous one by this time, which he will hardly have the hardihood again to put, even if it is not already in good part answered in his own mind.

The more practical considerations attending the landing of Tweed in New York, are of course, legal and financial ones. What indemnity, if any, the city is yet to secure by the renewed possession of his person; to what new legal prosecutions he will be subjected with a view to the extortion from him of some of his troublesome plunder; how much of that plunder he really has remaining under his control, since the Sheriff is reported as saying lately that there could be found nothing to levy on to satisfy the judgment in the six-million suit which went against him; all these questions will be duly agitated, of course. But, as politics now rule the hour, to the exclusion of even practical consideration of the methods necessary to the recovery of public money, we may look for some attempt on the part either of the politicians or of the political press to turn Tweed's restored presence into campaign capital. To be sure, his introduction into the canvass would be a pure piece of lugging by the ear, so to speak, but it would not be without precedent on that account, even during the present campaign. Nor is there much doubt which party in the political contest will make this attempt, if it be made. The party that is fighting the banner of Reform, more openly than it is fighting under it, is quite generally self-credited with whatever merit attaches to the somewhat arbitrary recapture of Tweed, and credited, to some extent, besides, by others than its own adherents, with the purpose of using the presence of Tweed against the very reform policy and work of which, in his previous arrests, prosecution and imprisonment, he is the greatest monument.

How this feat in political warfare is to be accomplished, the turning of Tweed as a great gun upon those who have long since captured and spiked him, for all the harm he could further do to the public interest, it is not easy to see. If any man, or set of men, wish to undertake the task of showing that Governor Tilden, for instance, was not a leading actor in the municipal drama which ended in the downfall of Tweed as a dangerous demagogue and conspirator, they have enough to keep them busy during the interval between this and the election. Everybody knows how Tweed's official burglaries and thievish bookkeeping were brought to light by Mr. Tilden, and that he was by that remarkable piece of public service shown to be the criminal he now

appears, in this latest scene of his humiliation, which, no doubt, precedes more or less of renewed punishment.

THE CENTENNIAL SUCCESS.

THE long agony of the Centennial exhibitors is ended, and the Judges have made their awards. Like all else connected with this great undertaking, the scheme of awards was adopted with great care and after much deliberation, and has proved a complete success. The aim has been to do justice to all, while recognizing the pains taken by individuals to add to the general display, and this must naturally result in a widespread feeling of satisfaction. Those to whose thoughtful consideration this result is due deserve the congratulations of the country at large.

The American people have now reached a point whence they can look back and review the work done, and the effect it has accomplished. Viewed in this light, the Centennial Exhibition was a gigantic undertaking. It had an array of obstacles to overcome from the start that was sufficient to daunt a less sanguine and energetic body of men than the Commissioners. Many of our people regarded the plan of an international display of industries and art with open expressions of contempt. They wanted something original and purely American, and were professedly unwilling to follow in the steps of any European nation. Others predicted a failure from the start, and deprecated the cost it would inflict upon the community, while not a few apparently thought the "show" should be set on wheels, and exhibited by turns in different sections of the country. Happily for our national repute, the croakers and prophets of evil were found to be in a minority, and the great work went on. Happily, too, the Commissioners selected to push the enterprise to its completion worked with great unanimity, and with a determination to make the Exhibition at Philadelphia the crowning glory of the Centennial Year. In this they have been even more successful than they had hoped. The Centennial Exhibition surpasses the International Fairs at London, Paris and Vienna, as the unprejudiced testimony of strangers from the Old World has amply testified. The youngest of the great nations of the earth has every reason to be proud of the magnificent display made by her industries.

The wisdom of those who projected this gathering together of the world's products is now readily seen and frankly confessed. For the mass of our people there has never been such an opportunity to compare the products of other lands with our own, and they have enjoyed it, and are still enjoying it, to the uttermost. We read daily of fifty or even a hundred thousand people being admitted through the turnstiles, and straightway we compute the moneyed receipts, but we cannot reckon up the amount of information they carry away, the value of their enlarged ideas, the impetus given to their studies and plans for the future, and the actual upward growth of their lives. These are not the least of the treasures the Centennial anniversary has brought to the country, and they alone are well worth all the trouble that has attended the scheme from its earliest inception. Moreover, there has been a most valuable interchange of views not alone between the hundreds of thousands of visitors from every section of the United States, but between our citizens and the representatives of foreign nations. They have met on neutral ground, in the peaceful sunshine of a joyous anniversary, and their talk has been of the arts of peace and not of political differences. Men have learned—by watching the handiwork exhibited by nations of whom they hitherto knew but little—to drop unnecessary prejudices, and judge men and nations by their actual achievements. Some have been so far blessed as to learn that it is not always wise to boast recklessly of one's own achievements, and that the "universal Yankee nation" may have something yet to learn from these old countries that they have heretofore derided as effete. This is a valuable lesson in many cases.

A marked tendency of this great national enterprise has been towards the higher education of our people. Things practical have not been neglected. Agriculture and machinery, the sewing-machine and the reaper, have had their full field for display, and no doubt the benefit has been great. But the artistic development of the mind has also been continually kept in view. The best galleries of Europe have contributed their paintings and sculpture, and our native artists have vied with each other in being represented at their best in this world-wide competition. Men and women living in far-away towns and villages, who had read of the treasures of art which they had never dreamed of being permitted to see, have been brought face to face with the object of their hopes. Others who scarce know what the pencil and the chisel could accomplish have had the divine spark kindled within them, and



have been awakened to the possibilities of a more cultured existence than had ever occurred to them. If it were only for this magic cultivation wrought by the Art Gallery, the Centennial Exhibition were well worth all the time and labor expended upon it. Of course there are some who will always remain unappreciative, but the tastes of the mass can always be affected by fair scenes on canvas and fair figures in marble. Even the rude statuary in our public squares attracts its daily cohort of admirers, and what then must be the effect of the artist's masterpiece?

A people who travel much always learn as they go. If the celebration of this Centennial Year had been divided about into every State and county, so that all should have their share of it, as of a prolonged Fourth of July, the aggregate result would have really benefited nobody. As it is, everybody has made, or will make, unusual exertion to take a trip and reap the advantages of travel. This has resulted in breaking the stagnation of business and giving new life to trade. It has also brought about a rekindling of the fires of patriotism. All have learned something they did not know before concerning the mighty resources of this great republic, and thus have come to take new pride in their citizenship. The nation has had itself baptized anew at Independence Hall, and its pilgrimage to that shrine of liberty has strengthened the bands that hold the States together. In fact, view it as we may, the Centennial Exhibition has been an unalloyed blessing. In its inception and management it reflects great honor on all who have it in charge, and especially the Board of Commissioners appointed by the Government and the State Boards. They have labored with rare unanimity, and the good results of their untiring zeal speak loudly in their praise. Much as they are to be congratulated, the country at large deserves still greater congratulation. The celebration of the Centennial of American Independence has been worthy the fame and fortunes of these United States.

## THE VENTILATION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

HOW to ventilate public buildings is a question which has often been discussed, and is likely to engage the attention of architects and builders for many years to come, until a satisfactory solution of the difficulty is reached by some fortunate inventor. The topic was brought prominently before the whole country recently in consequence of the complaints of members of Congress about the bad air in the House of Representatives, and the consequent illness of many of the members. Nearly every architect has a theory of his own on the subject of ventilation. Some propose to draw the foul air from the bottom of the room; others would take it from the ceiling. Holes are pierced under the floor, through the windows, in the sides, on the top, into the chimney, and all sorts of contrivances are proposed to prevent drafts and yet produce currents. One set of philosophers tell us that air is like a rope, it is much easier to pull it than it is to push it; others maintain that it is better to push it by blowers placed in the cellar. We believe that in Washington the air is blown into the hall, and the complaint was made that, instead of being fresh air, it was rendered impure by being drawn through the damp vaults of the basement. Whatever may have been its source, it appears to have failed in reviving the drooping energies of the representatives, and an entire change in the system is likely to be instituted. In New York city one of the newest and most expensive churches is ventilated by means of artificial blowers driven by a steam-engine, and the air, warmed in Winter and cooled in Summer, is drawn from a high tower built for the purpose. This air is carried in large shafts under the floors, and by means of openings at short intervals, is introduced into the audience-room. The report from attendants in this church is unanimous that the ventilation is better than they have ever had before, and, although the building is densely packed every Sunday, the air at the close of the services is nearly as fresh as it is at the opening. The truth appears to be that in such buildings as are used for public occasions, of which complaints are made, no pretense at effecting any ventilation is ever attempted. The owners of the building knowingly shut up hundreds of people under circumstances that, if properly investigated, would be likely to subject them to criminal prosecution. The audience-hall is often situated in the middle of the building, and there is no possibility for fresh air to enter excepting by circuitous passages of the hallways when a door is occasionally opened. That such a disregard for the comfort and health of the community should be tolerated is a proof that the subject will bear frequent discussion until the proper remedy is applied. In the matter of school-houses, it is per-

fectly notorious that too frequently the children are crowded into small suffocating rooms, where they are exposed to contract diseases of the eyes and lungs that weaken them for all their lives. The remedy in such cases is to limit the number of pupils to the size of the room, and to provide for suitable ventilating flues without the added danger of drafts. An invention has been made for determining the amount of carbonic acid and carbonic oxide contained in a given space, which ought to be so modified as to give an alarm when the air becomes foul. Such a contrivance has been made by employing chloride of palladium to absorb the gases, and when the precipitate caused by the foul air had reached a certain height, a connection was made with a galvanic current, and a signal-bell was rung. If these instruments could be distributed about our theatres and concert-halls, and a chime of bells could be made to sound an alarm, the directors would be compelled to admit enough fresh air to silence the noise before the performances could be permitted to go on. The audience would be apt to take sides with the patent tell-tales, and to insist upon the introduction of a fresh supply of air before they would permit any further exercises. It would be a novel way to secure ventilation, and it is one which is by no means impossible of execution. A person sitting in bad air gradually becomes accustomed to it and is slowly poisoned—he is no longer a proper judge to decide whether a window or ventilator should be opened, but a scientific instrument constructed to work as accurately as a barometer or the thermometer could always be trusted, and, when it pointed to danger, attention would have to be paid to it immediately. The evils of the present system are to be traced to a deliberate neglect on the part of builders of any attempt to provide for suitable ventilation. They would be very soon brought to terms if they were compelled by law to put up in all public buildings a foul-air metre, which would not only record the condition of the air, but also make such a noise that only proper ventilation would quiet it. What we need, then, is not new theories of ventilation, but an invention to warn us of danger in time to avert it. Architects would very soon provide for all the ventilation necessary the moment the owners of public buildings were compelled to furnish it.

## GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK

ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1876.

Monday.....110½ @ 110	Thursday.....109½ @ 110
Tuesday.....110½ @ 110	Friday.....110½ @ 110½
Wednesday.....110½ @ 109½	Saturday.....110½ @ 110½

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

**OLD ORDINANCE.**—The Ordnance Department of the Army has on hand and stored in various forts throughout the country, especially in the Southern States, a vast quantity of obsolete and unserviceable ordnance and ordnance stores, projectiles, etc. During the Franco-Prussian War some \$8,000,000 or \$10,000,000 worth of such stores, projectiles, etc., were sold to various dealers, and in many instances the prices realized were equal to the original cost of the article when purchased or manufactured by the Government. It has been found in many instances that when the department offered certain lots at public sale, and fixed a limit to the price, no sale was effected, and when dealers found they could get it at their own prices, they subsequently at private sale gave as much and sometimes more than the limit.

**THE EXPOSITION OF 1878.**—The programme for the next French International Exhibition of 1878, has been published in the *Journal Officiel*. The regulations are substantially the same as in former exhibitions. The building is to be a long parallelogram, and will be divided into rectangular stripes, two of these stripes being allotted to special divisions, one for France, and the other for foreign countries. Fine arts will enjoy the central stripe, and consequently be an exception. Right and left will be placed the two stripes allotted to scientific industries, under the name "Education, Teaching, Methods and Material of Liberal Arts." Amongst the principal attractions of the Exhibition will rank a gigantic Giffard steam captive balloon. It will measure 21,000 cubic metres, and exceed by 10,000 the former captive balloon at Ashburnham Park. The rope will weigh twenty pounds per yard, and the elevation will be five hundred yards. The steam-engine will have 200 horse-power; thirty persons will ascend at once, and in calm weather, one hundred. The new captive balloon will require no circus for protection, and will stand in the midst of a large square fronting the bridge in the central alley of the gardens. Meteorological observations with special instruments will be made during the ascents for the instruction of excursionists, and recorded for the benefit of science.

**ENGLAND AND CHINA.**—There are certain indications that the British Government is on the high road to another Chinese difficulty. The Grosvenor Expedition to Yunnan has turned out a complete failure. Owing to a system of ingenious delays and evasions, it has been discovered at Yunnan that the murder of Mr. Margary was quite an accidental circumstance, and that no one is responsible for the deed. It has even been suggested by more than one tea-drinking and opium-smoking mandarin that Mr. Margary killed himself in consequence of

a sudden feeling of terror at the sight of a squadron of Chinese braves. The Chinese officials conducted the Grosvenor Expedition through a wild and desolate country, thinly peopled, and avoided as much as possible the direct road to Manwein, in order to deceive the Europeans with respect to the trade and resources of the country through which they passed. The great objects which the mandarins and the Chinese mercantile guilds had in view in all the transactions commencing with the assassination of Mr. Margary at Manwein, was to demonstrate the futility of new trade routes through the province of Yunnan, and ostentatiously to parade before the Commission the poverty of the country. The Chinese official dreads European civilization; it is impossible to maintain the present system of official corruption and extortion if Europeans are allowed to circulate freely in China; hence every kind of indirect opposition and deception is systematically resorted to, and the case of the Grosvenor Expedition was no exception to the general rule of Chinese obstruction. The Chinese determined that the Grosvenor Expedition should learn nothing whatever, and their efforts have been crowned with success.

**THE SILVER COMMISSION.**—The Silver Commission, which has held several sessions in this city, has made considerable preliminary progress. Letters of inquiry have been addressed to European governments as to the proportionate use of gold and silver, and legislation upon monetary affairs. The selection of three experts to assist the commission has had serious consideration. The list of names from which the selection will be made are General Dix, of New York, Wm. Groesbeck, of Cincinnati, R. M. Hunter of Virginia, B. F. Nourse, of Boston, President Woolsey, and Prof. Sumner and Walker, of New Haven, President White, of Cornell University, D. A. Wells, of Connecticut, E. B. Elliott, of the Bureau of Statistics, and J. B. Moore, of New York. The report of the commission will look to placing our financial system as nearly as possible in harmony with the world, and at the same time to secure an early and safe resumption of specie payments. The most interesting question the commission has undertaken to solve is whether silver coin can be used otherwise than as subsidiary coin. The inquiry includes making silver dollars, which shall be a legal tender in sums of \$5, \$10, or \$50, and fixing a standard of weight which shall be permanent, making the two metals equal in all respects, dollar for dollar. Preliminary discussions do not encourage the hope that the last named will be among the recommendations of the commission. The sense of the commission is to pay the bonded debt and the interest thereon in gold in every case, but a scheme to retire the legal-tender notes by the substitution of silver is favorably received.

**THE CENTENNIAL AWARDS.**—The apparently indiscriminate manner in which the Centennial Commissioners awarded their prizes suggests a word of explanation concerning the Centennial awards. It is not generally understood that the commission has made a wide departure from the methods hitherto in vogue at most exhibitions. The usual way of international exhibitions, as at smaller fairs, has been to require of juries a definite decision as to which was the best, and which the second-best, of the exhibits in each class. For these corresponding graduated medals were awarded. Such decisions were in many cases necessarily arbitrary, since half a dozen exhibits might be equally meritorious, some excelling in one respect, and others in another, different but equally important. Hence, the Centennial Commission adopted the plan of giving diplomas and medals of equal value for all articles considered by a majority of the Judges in the group to possess distinguished merit. No one of these diplomas or medals is better than another, but all are alike, and award to the recipient's exactly equal honor. It is necessary to emphasize this fact because it is complained that many of the fortunate exhibitors are conveying through advertisements the impression that they have received higher medals or diplomas than others. Each award is based on a written report signed by some one of the Judges and countersigned by a majority of the Judges of the group. These reports point out the particular respect in which the exhibits thus honored are thought to excel, and when received and published will be found to vary, of course, some of them being more flattering than others. But they have not yet been delivered, and their contents as yet should be known to nobody except the Judges and the Centennial Commission. The list of awards published in several papers is very inaccurate, containing several important omissions. In due time it will be corrected by the commission and printed in full.

**COUNTERFEIT CURRENCY.**—The circulation of small notes in the daily business of life offers a fine harvest for counterfeiters and their confederates. The constantly handled paper soon becomes blurred and worn, deceiving even the watchful, and the careless pass counterfeiters from hand to hand till they are "good as genuine." Small notes, giving the forgers greater opportunity, expose those persons to depredations who are most helpless. Yet, under the operation of laws not too severe, and by the precaution of frequent new issues, new in device as well as in date, the American public has been fairly protected. In Great Britain, a little over fifty years ago, another method of repression of forgery of money-tokens was in practice. We are reminded of it by a notice of an exhibition in London of the life-works of George Cruikshank. Among these is the original of a print, the history of which is as follows, indorsed upon the note by the artist himself: He was passing the Old Bailey Prison, and saw several prisoners hanging, among whom were two women. These women, he learned, were hanged for forgery, or uttering a £1 note. Immediately upon this he designed, engraved and published a promissory note, with the signature of "J. Ketch." Its ornaments were a figure of "Britannia," with accessories of fetters, halter, gibbet, skull and cross-bones. The police were required to keep the street clear before the door of Howe, the publisher, who netted \$4,000 from the sale. Cruik-

shank's profit was greater, for he says: "I had the satisfaction of knowing that no man or woman was ever hung after this for passing one-pound forged notes." The statistics are not at hand to show how much, relatively to the increase of traffic and temptation, the proportion of such crimes has diminished in Great Britain under milder laws. The £1 issue by the Bank of England ceased in 1826, and that cessation itself would diminish the crime of forgery by making it less feasible, for reasons already stated. But all experience shows that when punishment is prompt rather than excessive, it is much more efficient.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK

### Domestic.

The foreign rifle teams practiced in Washington last week.

JAMES LICK, the California millionaire, died in San Francisco on the 1st, aged 80 years.

Over \$1,000,000 were drawn from New York savings banks on the 30th ult. by depositors.

An international fair will be held by the Indians at Muskogee, I. T., October 17th, 18th and 19th.

A BRONZE statue of William H. Seward was presented to the city of New York on the 27th ult.

THE Fall meeting of the American Jockey Club opened at Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., on the 30th ult.

THE New Amsterdam and Bond Street Savings Banks, New York city, suspended, as a general run was made upon them.

A PETITION for the appointment of a receiver for the Central Railroad of New Jersey was denied for want of sufficient evidence.

DETROIT celebrated the sixty-third anniversary of the occupation of the city by the Americans after Hull's surrender, on the 28th ult.

SPOTTED TAIL, after an extended and intelligent argument, signed the new Indian treaty at the Spotted Tail Agency, Nebraska, on the 25th ult.

In a match against time at Louisville, Ky., on the 27th ult., Ten Broeck ran four miles in 7.15½, beating the best time previously made in this country.

THURSDAY, September 28th, was "Pennsylvania Day" at the Centennial. Paying admissions, 257,296; adding complimentary tickets, total number of visitors, 260,000.

THE jury in the case of General O. E. Babcock, indicted for complicity in the safe burglary at Washington, brought in a verdict of not guilty, and he was discharged.

THE New York State Greenback Convention was held at Albany, on the 26th ult. Richard W. Griffin was nominated for Governor, and Thomas Armstrong for Lieutenant-Governor. Peter Cooper made an address.

JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, member of the British Parliament, arrived in New York on the 30th ult. with the Irish congratulatory address upon the Centennial Anniversary of American Independence, which is to be handed to President Grant formally.

### Foreign.

THE Turco-Servian terms of peace were agreed to by the Great Powers.

HOLLAND and Venezuela are said to have settled their long standing difficulty.

DR. GALICEDO has been proclaimed Provisional President of the State of Tolima, Colombia.

A PROTOCOL was signed by the British Minister to China and the Chinese Grand Secretary.

DON CARLOS notified France that he would not re-enter Spain at the cost of another civil war.

MONTENEGRINS are unwilling to conclude peace without extensive concessions of Turkish territory.

RUSSIA has proposed an armed intervention to Austria, and will ask all the Powers to co-operate.

ENGLAND and Italy are said to be greatly irritated because Serbia would not accord the armistice.

AUSTRIA and Russia demanded a written guarantee that Prince Milan would not accept the royal title.

An appeal to arms in defense of provisional rights is being circulated in Navarre and the Basque districts, Spain.

It was reported that the Egyptian commander-in-chief and his staff were taken prisoners by the Abyssinians near Masowah.

APPLICATION was made to Russia by the Hanoverian Diet to remove the sequestration on the property of the ex-King George.

IMPORTANT concessions were granted to foreigners by the Chinese Government, and four other ports will be opened to commerce.

It is reported that the Mexican Government is about to recognize the English debt, and to make arrangements with the bondholders.

THE Protectionists were defeated in a discussion on the subject of Free Trade by the Conference on International Law, in Bremen, last week.

THE Servians renewed the war upon the Turks on the 28th ult., and by flank movements placed heavy bodies in the front, rear and on the left wing of the enemy.

THE Khédive has invited the representatives of the English and French bondholders to meet him at Cairo to agree on measures for the satisfaction of his creditors.

It was officially announced that King George of Greece would not return to his dominions, and the virtual abdication created a great sensation in royal and diplomatic circles.

THE Servians resolved to reject the conditions of peace, and hostilities were resumed. Austria and Russia notified the parliament that they would not support Prince Milan as king.

THE United States steamer *Franklin* sailed from Vigo, Spain, on the 26th ult., with Tweed on board. He was greatly depressed. His companion, Hunt, was allowed to go at liberty.

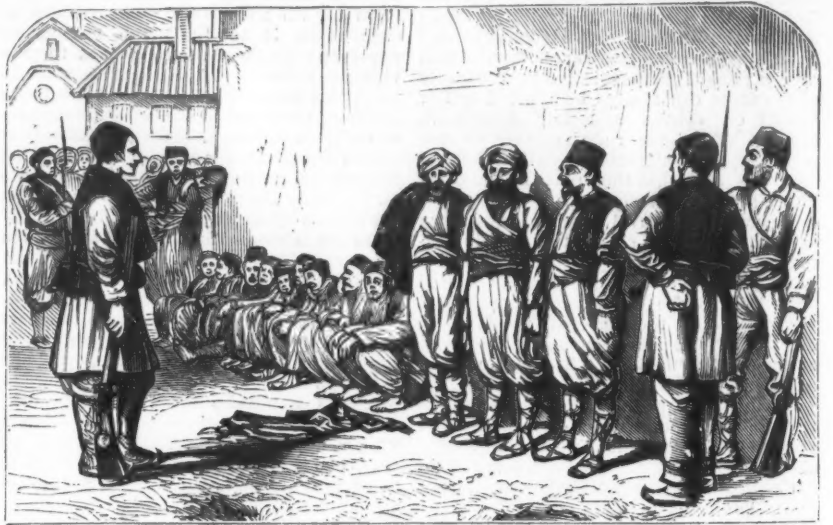
LORD DERRY received a deputation headed by the Lord Mayor of London, who presented the resolution adopted at the great meeting on the 18th ult., in reference to the Eastern Question. In reply, he said the British Commissioner had been ordered to hold a personal interview with the Sultan and demand redress for the Bulgarian outrages. Peace, he thought, was very near.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 87.



ENGLAND.—THE NEW AQUARIUM AT YARMOUTH.



TURKEY.—TURKISH PRISONERS OF WAR AT IVANITZA.



TURKEY.—SERVIAN PRISONERS OF WAR AT RAGOCZ.



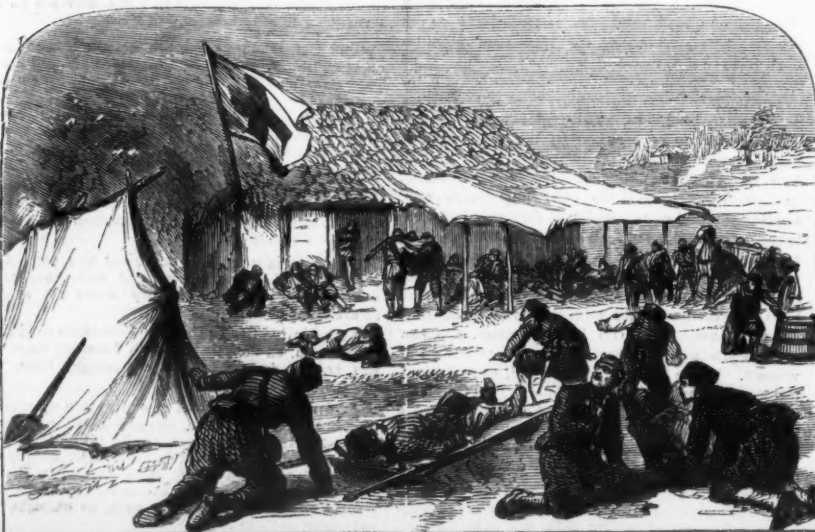
RUSSIA.—THE CZAR REVIEWING THE ST. PETERSBURG FIRE DEPARTMENT.



AUSTRALIA.—A KANGAROO HUNT.

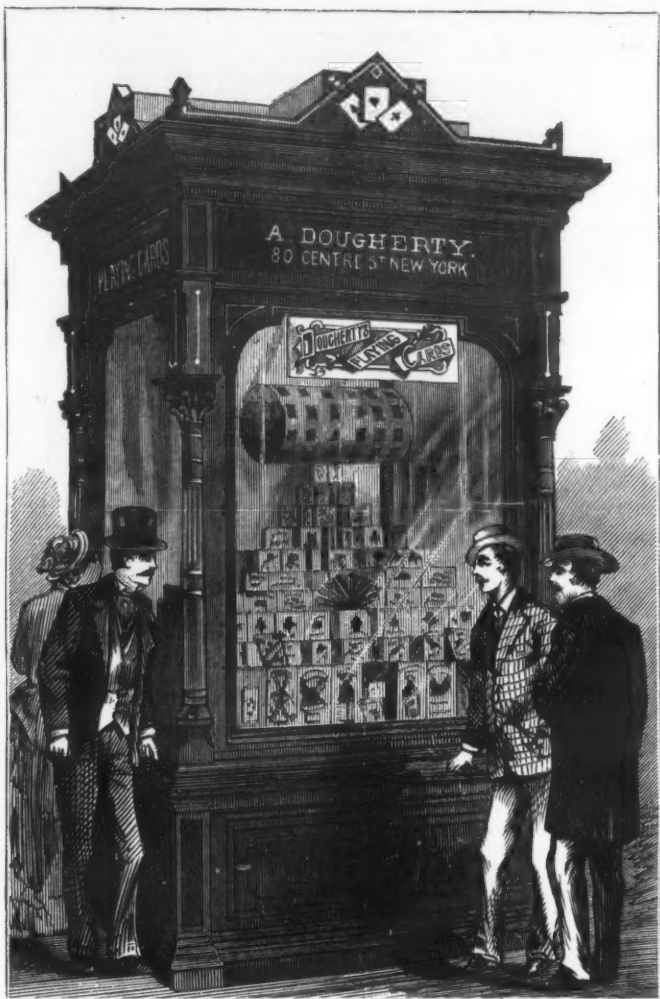


ENGLAND.—INTENDED EMIGRANTS BEING EDUCATED FOR COLONIAL LIFE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



FRANCE.—BRETON WASHERWOMEN AT VANNES.





PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—EXHIBIT OF DOUGHERTY'S PLAYING-CARDS IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

#### CENTENNIAL EXHIBITS.

##### GEORGE MATHER'S SONS' INKS.

IN a quiet little nook in the neighborhood of a celebrated American manufacturer of perfumery, on the southeastern side of the Main Building, Mather's Sons, whose office is at 60 John Street, N. Y., exhibit samples of their black and colored printing inks; also that used by lithographers, varnishers, etc. The bottles of paste are arranged on little shelves, and pictures, books, and other work done by the inks, are disposed about the miniature section. The large publishing firms of illustrated and other periodicals who use the wares of this house are mentioned in a large framed placard, and among them may be noticed the most prominent in the country.

##### A. DOUGHERTY'S PLAYING-CARD EXHIBIT.

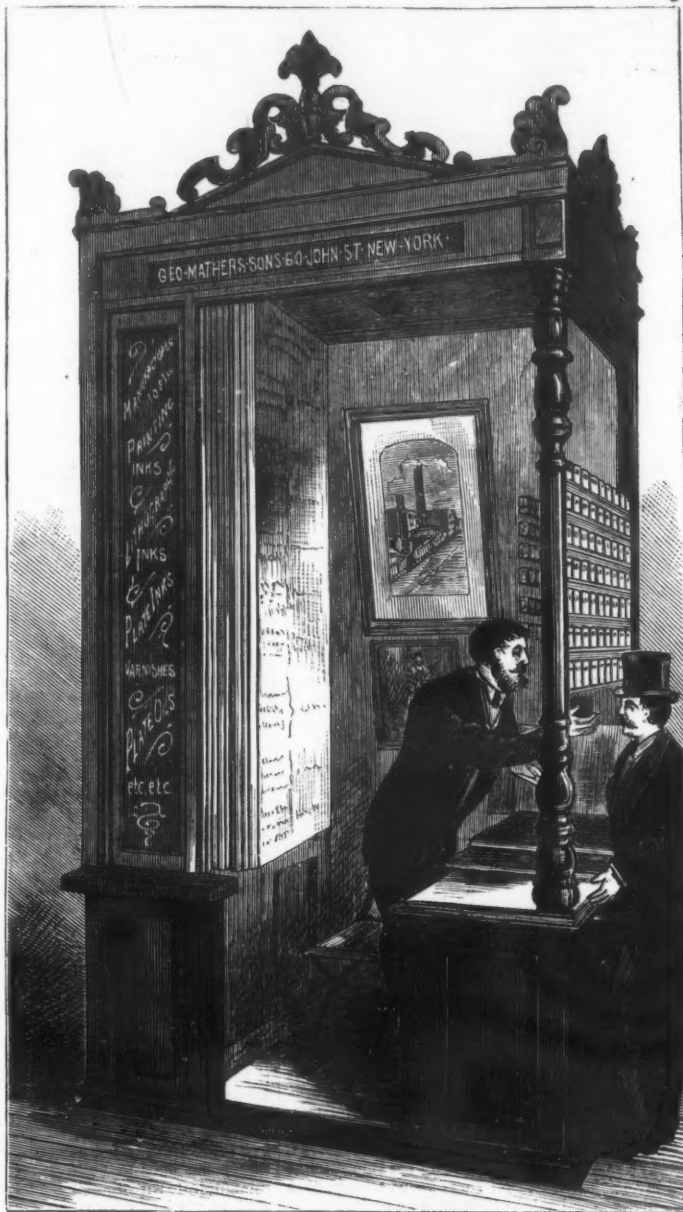
One of the most unique little cases in the Main Building is one in the southeastern end of the American Department, containing the attractive exhibit of A. Dougherty's playing-cards (No. 80 Centre Street, New York). It is illustrated in this page. The packs or "decks" of cards are artistically arranged so as to show their special merits of delicacy in texture, lightness, enamel, coloring, etc. The specialty in the case is the

mandated a division at Fredericksburg and at Gettysburg, and for his services was breveted Colonel, July 3d, 1863. He commanded the First Corps from July to December, 1863, and the Second Division of the Fourth Corps during the invasion of Georgia, from May to September, 1864. He was engaged at Rocky-Faced Ridge, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw, Peach Tree Creek, Jonesborough, and the siege and capture of Atlanta. He was a commander of the district of Key West and Tortugas from October, 1864, to June, 1865. For his services at Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta he was breveted Brigadier-General, and at the close of the war was breveted Major-General in the United States Army for gallant and meritorious services during the Rebellion.

The first survey of Hell Gate Channel was made in 1848 by Lieuts. Davis and Porter, of the navy. They recommended the reduction of Pot Rock, Frying Pan Rock and Way's Reef by surface blasting, and work upon them was carried on in the years 1851-2, under Professor Maillefort. General Newton's first examination of the obstructions was in the Summer of 1866, and at its conclusion he submitted three plans, each of which included the removal of the rock at Hallett's Point. Upon the appropriation by Congress in 1869 of \$175,000 for the purpose, he began the labor which culminated with so much success on the 24th of September last. The total amount appropriated by Congress for the improvement was \$1,940,000, of which sum General Newton has expended \$1,686,841.45.

##### A Wonderful Alabama Lake.

THE following is from the Montgomery (Ala.) *Bulletin*: "At the Dickinson Place, on Bullard Creek, near Six-mile Station, is a ten-acre field which is nothing more or less than a subterranean lake, covered with soil about eighteen inches deep. On the soil is cultivated a field of corn, which will produce thirty or forty bushels to the acre. If any one will take the trouble to dig a hole the depth of a spade-handle he will find it to fill with water, and by using a hook and line, fish four and five inches long can be caught. These fish are different from others in not having either scales or eyes, and are perch-like in shape. The ground is black marl, alluvial in its nature, and in all probability at one time it was an open body of water, on which was accumulated vegetable matter, which has been increased from time to time, until now it has a crust sufficiently strong and rich to produce fine corn, though it has to be cultivated by hand, as it is not strong enough to bear the weight of a horse. While nooning, the field-hands catch great strings of delicate fish by merely punching a hole through the earth. A person raising



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—GEORGE MATHER'S SONS & CO.'S EXHIBIT OF PRINTING INK IN THE MAIN BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

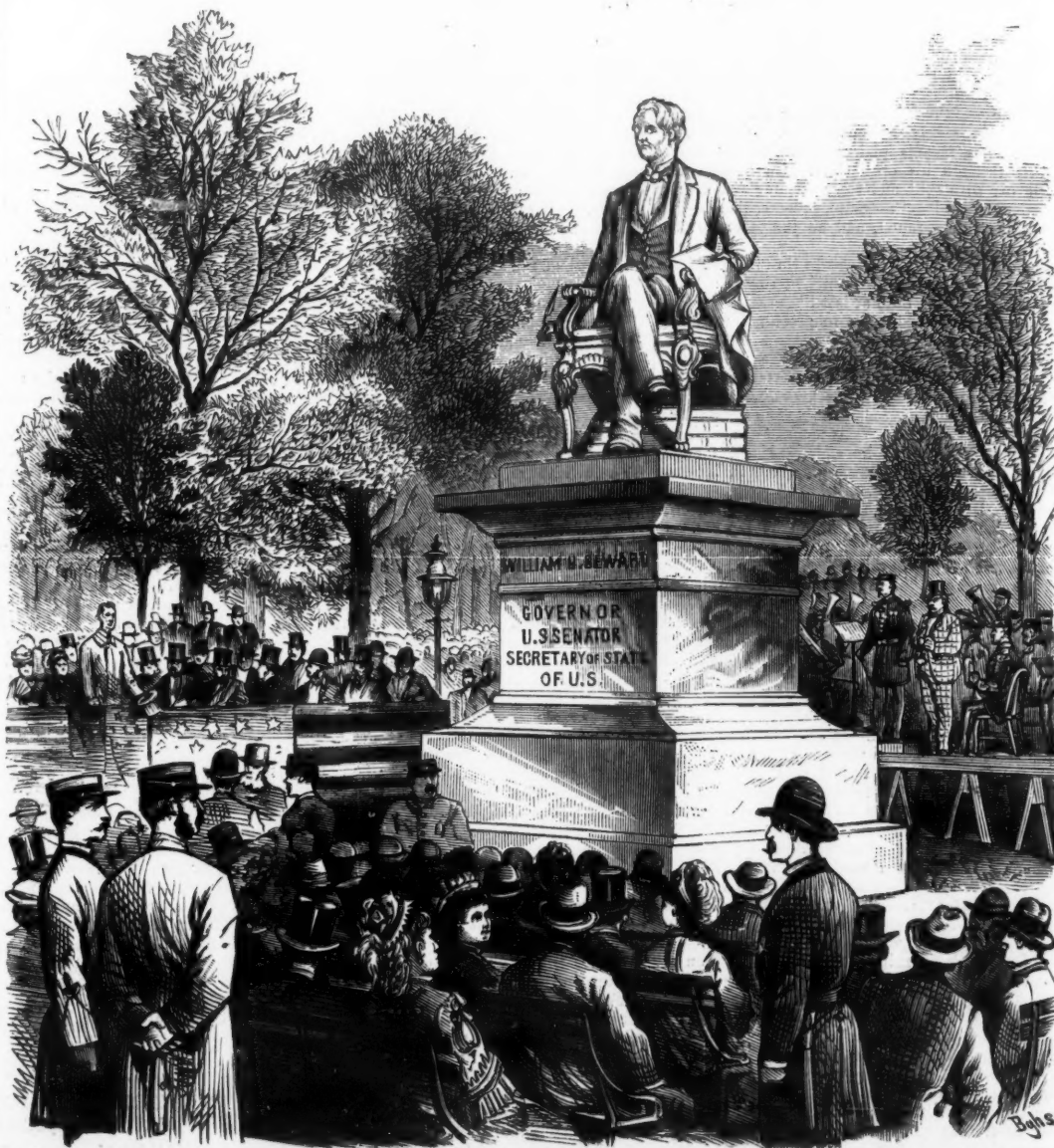


BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL OF ENGINEERS, UNITED STATES ARMY.

patented triplicate card, the feature of which lies in each card's having itself reproduced in miniature in all the corners, so that any way the players turns it he may see at a glance, without seeing the whole face, what the card is.

##### GENERAL NEWTON, ENGINEER OF THE WORKS AT HELL GATE.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN NEWTON, Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, United States Army, was born in Virginia about the year 1823, and graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1842. From the year 1843 until 1846 he was Assistant Professor of Engineering at West Point. In 1852 he was made a First Lieutenant; in July, 1856, Captain; in August, 1861, Major; in September, 1861, Brigadier-General of Volunteers; and in March 1863, Major-General of Volunteers. General Newton was engaged in the Utah Expedition in 1858, and assisted at the construction of Forts Delaware and Mifflin. During the Rebellion he commanded a brigade in the campaign on the Peninsula, and fought at Gaines's Mill and Glendale; also at South Mountain and Antietam, for which he was breveted Lieutenant-Colonel, September 17th, 1862. He com-



NEW YORK CITY.—THE STATUE OF THE LATE HON. W. H. SEWARD, PRESENTED BY CITIZENS OF NEW YORK, AND UNVEILED, SEPTEMBER 27TH, AT MADISON SQUARE.—SEE PAGE 86.



on his heel and coming down suddenly can see the growing corn shake all round him. Any one having the strength to drive a rail through this crust will find on releasing it that it will disappear entirely. The whole section of country surrounding this field gives evidence of marshiness, and the least shower of rain produces an abundance of mud. But the question comes up: Has not this body an outlet? Although brackish, the water tastes as if fresh, and we have no doubt that it is anything else than stagnant. Yet the fish are eyeless and scaleless—similar to those found in caves. It is a subject for study, and we would like to have some of our profound citizens investigate it.

## REMEMBERED DAYS.

I REMEMBER a morn behind the mill,  
When blackbirds sang,  
And sheep-bells rang,  
Far off, and all things else were still  
But the rising broom  
In the pictured stream,  
And the noise of water about the mill.  
I remember a maid in her sweet youth,  
Whose gentle days  
In village ways  
Were passed in simple works of truth;  
The Summer's day  
Sped fast away  
In a dream of love, in a time of youth.  
I remember the Spring in a garb of green,  
The light heart glee  
That came to me  
With the smile of my love at seventeen;  
Her laugh that went  
Like woodland scent  
To my soul—that time on the daisied green.  
And though I know the days are spent,  
That love was lost  
When came the frost  
At Summer's close of my content;  
Yet some joy stays  
In Winter days,  
And brings its joyous complement.

## PRINCE BOLTIKOFF.

THERE are posts more important, perhaps, than Fort Needham on the South Coast, but it is at all times so strictly garrisoned that the integrity of the empire might depend upon its tenure.

I was once its garrison—I, Randall de Louthenberg Carruthers, lieutenant in her Majesty's Royal Regiment of Fencibles—that is to say I, with a handful of soldiers, held it against all comers. My men were better off than I was, for they took it in turn to mount guard upon the honeycombed ordnance and the tumble-down gates of the fortress. They had employment, I had none. I bathed, breakfasted, and walked upon the shore; to eat, drink, sleep, and smoke, made up the sum total of my diversions. But that I was gifted with powers of progression, I might have been an oyster.

One day, as usual, I strolled upon the beach. The season was Spring-time, the sky bright, the sea like a mirror. Nothing ever broke the stillness that reigned around Fort Needham. It lay off the high road, no one came to it, even the fishing-boats avoided the bay because of the shoal water. With my glass I swept the horizon, now and again examining the sea-gulls or a far-off sail.

What is that black thing bobbing up and down in the water? A hen-coop or a whale or a new rock shot up suddenly from beneath the waves.

No; it is a boat of some sort, very low in the water, not unlike a raft, and there is a figure on it—a man paddling. He is making for the shore; slowly and surely he approaches. Closer and closer. His face is plainly visible now, and his breast through his open shirt. He handles his little oar with skill and vigor—nearer and nearer he comes. At length—grate, squeeze, thud!—his craft has run aground, and he jumps on to the shingle.

The stranger's first act was to throw himself on his knees, and exclaim fervently in French:

"Thank God! Safe at last!"

Then he rose and came to greet me, with the bow of a finished courtier.

He was in rags; he wore only a dilapidated shirt of coarse calico, and a pair of tattered trousers reaching just beyond his knees, made apparently from an old gray blanket; yet, in spite of all, he seemed a gentleman. His manner was perfect; the English in which he addressed me, though tinged with a foreign accent, pure, and in intonation decidedly well-bred.

"This is a sorry plight in which I find myself, monsieur. I am a waif cast up by the sea. I have been shipwrecked. I never dreamt that I should reach the land alive!"

"Shipwrecked?" I asked. "When? Where? How?"

"Yesterday I was on board my own yacht, the *Feodorovna*. I am Prince Boltikoff—you know my name, perhaps?" he said, seeing that I bowed at this introduction of himself. "No? I am a Russian. I was en route for Cowes. Last night the yacht lay becalmed off the Needles, I was in my berth, half-reading, half-dozing, when—crack!—something crashed into the side of the yacht! I jumped from bed, and rushed, as I was, on deck. It was a collision. Death stared us one and all in the face. I snatched up the first garments I could find—you see them"—he pointed, smiling, to his rags—"and jumped overboard. I am a good swimmer. At dawn I was still afloat. Then I got together a few floating spars from the wreck, made that little raft—good friend, it has done its duty"—and, as he spoke, he pushed it back into the tide—"Adieu! go, mon ami, go."

"May I ask," continued the stranger, as soon as the raft drifted away—"may I ask where I am? Would you have the extreme complaisance to direct me to the nearest town?"

"This is Fort Needham," I said. "Yarchester is the nearest place—some dozen miles distant."

"So far? I am hardly in walking trim, I fear, but I must make shift to push on."

"Impossible. I cannot permit it. You need rest, food. My quarters are close at hand. I am commandant of the fort."

"You are an English officer! I might have guessed it! You are all generous as you are brave."

I was with Menschikoff in Sebastopol, and I learnt to respect you then."

"If you are yourself a soldier, prince, it is the more incumbent upon me to be your host."

With this I led the way into the fort. The admission of such a tattered man rather surprised the decorous sentry; but my servant, who was called in to assist at the prince's toilet, soon spread the real story throughout the barracks.

A bath, my razors, and a complete rig out of my clothes made a wonderful change in the prince's appearance. He was evidently a person of the highest distinction, not exactly handsome—his smoothly shaven face was too sallow and his cheekbones too high—but he had good features, and dark, penetrating eyes. He made the mistake also of wearing his hair too short. It was clipped so short that his head looked like a round shot.

"Your clothes fit me to the marvel, *mon cher* M. Carruthers. It would not be indiscreet to ask your tailor's name? He is an artist."

I was flattered, and replied readily: "Mr. Schneider will be glad to get an order from you, prince."

"He shall have it. His cut is superb."

Then we sat down to lunch. The prince, though an aristocrat to the finger-tips, had the most plebeian appetite; within a few minutes he had cleared the table.

"I have not tasted food for twenty-four hours," he said, apologetically.

After lunch I produced cigars. He looked at the tobacco ravenously.

"It is my passion. I did not think I could have existed so long without it."

He lay back in an arm-chair and smoked half-a-dozen cigars, one after the other, apparently with the most intense gratification. Meanwhile we talked.

The prince was a most agreeable companion—his experiences were varied. He had traveled far and wide, had seen many cities, and knew men and manners. It was delightful to listen to him. But he was far too well-bred to monopolize the conversation. He could also listen, and did so with courteous, unflagging interest, as I enlarged upon the subjects I had most at heart; he even led me on to talk quite familiarly and freely of my regiment, my comrades, my life and prospects, everything, in short, which interested me.

In this way the hours passed, till suddenly the prince jumped up.

"You have been most good, M. Carruthers. I can never repay your kindness. But now the day is advancing; I must be moving on."

"Pray do not think of it. You will surely stay and dine? To-morrow or the next day will be time enough to travel. By then you will be refreshed and recruited in strength."

"I hardly dare take advantage of your good nature. I know not what to say. But your pleasant society draws me towards you. I will stay. Suffer me only to write a few letters. I must communicate with the Russian Embassy. I should send to my bankers, and to my London hotel for clothes and necessities."

I sat him down at once to my writing-desk, a piece of portable barrack furniture, limited in dimensions, very much littered with old letters, tradesmen's bills, an army list, Bradshaw's official reports and returns, some in my own handwriting, and bearing my signature. But from among these I cleared sufficient space, and left the prince to write his letters alone.

It was quite an hour before I returned. He started rather as I re-entered the room, but explained that his recent narrow escape had shaken his nerves.

He had been busy. Several letters were lying on the table, their addresses uppermost, and, for the life of me, I could not help seeing that one was to a secretary of the Russian Embassy, another to some one at Claridge's Hotel, a third to Messrs. Coutts; of a fourth I read only a part. It looked like "Jimmy Haw—Seven Di—". But the moment my somewhat surprised and curious eyes had read thus far, the prince took up all his correspondence, put the letters in his pocket, and rose to greet me with a pleasant smile.

"There! So much for business. This *contre-temps* will alter all my plans. But what matter? I am still alive. Shall we take a breath of air?"

Outside, after a few turns upon the shore, he said:

"Is your post-office far? We might drop these in as we passed."

I said I sent an orderly with the letter-bag as far as Silverburn, the nearest village and railway-station, three miles or so. He would start in an hour.

"Now confess—you are sending on purpose? I should be truly grieved to derange you. Your soldier would hate me. What say you; shall we walk to the post-office? I should like it, and it would do you good, too. You are lazy, *mon lieutenant*, you will grow fat. Say then, shall we walk to Silverburn?"

I excused myself. The fact was I wished to stay at the fort, to attend to household affairs. I did not often entertain a prince, and I was somewhat anxious about the dinner, which was being prepared by my inexperienced soldier-cook.

"You will not? You are wrong. You should walk more. It is excellent exercise. I find the benefit, and need it much always, as now. But I see you will not be persuaded. *An revoir*, then—till—?"

"Dinner at half-past six. That will give us a nice long evening."

"Yes; a nice long evening," he repeated after me, in a strange, mocking tone. If he had not been a prince, I might have considered his conduct rude.

We parted. He walked on at a very brisk pace; I returned slowly to the fort.

For the next few hours I was busy superintending the operations in the kitchen, assisting to lay the table, drawing wine, and making ready for the feast. About six p.m. I dressed in mess-uniform to do honor to my foreign guest, and walked down the road to meet him on his return.

He had had three hours to do the journey there and back, but half past-six came, and with it no prince. Seven—still he did not appear.

What had happened? He must have lost his way. It was quite dark, and rather cold. At

half-past seven I sent off two non-commissioned officers in search of him; at eight I went myself, and, growing more and more concerned, walked on to Silverburn.

Yes; a person answering to the description of the prince had been seen there. He had taken the train to Yarchester. An extraordinary proceeding: still it accounted for his absence, so, somewhat relieved, I went home, dined by myself, and went to bed.

I slept late next morning. It was close to ten when I was roused by a familiar voice in the outer room.

"What, Randall! Still in bed?"

It was Bob Finch, a brother lieutenant from the headquarters.

"You are to return at once to the regiment," he said. "I have come to relieve you."

"Hurrah!"

"Steady, boy, steady. Read this. Don't sing out too soon."

It was an official letter from the adjutant, desiring me to hand over my detachment, and report myself forthwith at headquarters—under arrest.

"Bless me! What's up?"

"The colonel's furious. He declares he'll prefer charges, and have you tried by court-martial."

"But why, man?—why?"

"What on earth induced you to give that sharper letters of introduction to the regiment? Where, in heaven's name, did you pick him up?"

"The Prince—"

"Of Darkness. He made nice fools of us all."

I told Bob Finch the story of the raft, at which he laughed a little, adding soon:

"But it's no joke, Randall. He was asked to mess on the strength of your letter to Greycliff."

"I gave him none."

"He produced one—on paper, with your monogram, and in your writing."

"A forgery."

"But how could he have done it?"

"I left him alone here for an hour or more to write letters. There was one for Messrs Coutts, and another for somebody 'offski,' and one—for Seven Dials, of course, but I would not confess to this."

"Well, he dined at mess, *en bourgeois*. He was traveling, and had left his mails at another stage; after dinner he got us to baccarat, which he played to a nicety. We were cleaned out, every one of us. The prince, however, promised us our revenge. On the same night—it could have been no one else—he broke into the mess-house, stole three dozen silver forks, a heap of teaspoons, several snuff-boxes, one or two racing-cups—in fact, all the light portable articles on which he could lay his hands."

I was utterly ashamed of myself for being so easily imposed upon, and was preparing, in pain and humiliation, to proceed to headquarters, when my sergeant came in and said two warders had arrived from Talkham Convict Prison; would I see them?

One came in.

"Might I make so bold as to claim your assistance, sir? We have been in pursuit of a convict who escaped from our establishment the day before yesterday."

He produced a large placard, headed with the royal arms. Under them, in flaming capitals, were the words:

"Convict just Escaped! Five Pounds Reward!"

Then followed the description.

"Thomas Twoshoes, alias Polish Ned, alias the Swaggering Sump, alias Harry Highflyer; complexion sallow, dark eyes, high cheek-bones, black hair. Speaks with a foreign accent. Was dressed in trousers of patched blanketing and an old check shirt."

"Well, what can I do?" I asked a little nervously. Was I suspected of complicity? Doubtless I had lain myself open to the charge of aiding and abetting in the convict's escape. "If I can assist you in your search—"

"That isn't necessary, sir, for we've caught him."

"Caught him!" cried both Finch and myself in one breath.

"He is outside, in the custody of Assistant-warder Tightlock. We captured him seven miles the other side of Yarchester. A boy saw him about daylight hiding behind a hedge changing his shirt—that he had on was marked with the Broad Arrow. We were informed, gave chase, and, after a sharp tussle, took him. Will you allow me to lodge him in your guard-room till the prison-van arrives?"

I consented, and went out with Finch to see the culprit, who was handcuffed and still in my clothes.

"Well, prince—" I began.

"Pardon me," he said, gravely. "I am *incoq*; traveling under the name of Twoshoes. My equerry here, Mr. Tightlock will explain."

"Always was a rum 'un to patter. Flash as you like, and artful," said Mr. Tightlock.

"How he got away was marvelous; like magic," said the senior warder. "He was here to-day—"

"And will be gone again to-morrow," put in the incorrigible rogue. "But, while I have the opportunity, allow me to thank M. Carruthers for his generous hospitality. And perhaps you, sir," he went on, to Bob Finch, "will convey to your brother officers an invitation to visit me at Talkham? The place is rough, but I am compelled to make it my residence for the present, and if any care to come over I shall be happy to give them their revenge."

"And the mess plate, Twoshoes?"

"Made into white soup hours ago."

"Melted down, that is," remarked Tightlock, by way of explanation.

And that was all we ever heard of it.

## UNVEILING THE SEWARD STATUE IN MADISON SQUARE, N. Y. CITY.

A MEMORIAL statue of the late William H. Seward, erected opposite the broad plaza formed by the conjunction of Broadway, Fifth

Avenue and Twenty-third Street, was presented to the city and publicly unveiled on Wednesday afternoon, September 27th. The cost of the statue, which is of bronze, was \$25,000, and the amount was raised by subscriptions of \$100 each. Randolph Rogers was awarded the contract after his model had been accepted. The casting was done at the Royal Bronze Foundry at Munich. Mr. Seward is represented sitting in a curule chair of a renaissance character; one leg crossed over the other, a pile of books beneath the chair, his head turned, the right hand holding a pen and the left a sheet of paper. The statue is ten feet high, and with the pedestal, which is of Spezzia marble based upon highly polished New England granite, has a total altitude of about twenty feet. The inscription on the pedestal is:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,  
GOVERNOR,  
SENATOR,  
SECRETARY OF STATE  
OF U. S.

The ceremonies were opened at three o'clock by music from Gilmore's full band. Commissioner Martin, of the Department of Parks, called the meeting to order, and introduced the Hon. John Bigelow, Secretary of State of New York, who, in the absence of Hamilton Fish, presented the statue to the city. Mayor Wickham accepted it in behalf of the citizens in a brief address, at the conclusion of which Mr. William M. Everts delivered the formal oration. The exercises were agreeably interspersed with music by the band, and cornet solos by Messrs. Arbuckle and Levy. A large gathering of people witnessed the unveiling.

## THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

FURTHER SKETCHES FROM GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY.

OUR special art-correspondent with General Crook's command, Charles St. G. Stanley, has forwarded another collection of sketches, from which we have selected three illustrations of scenes of importance that occurred in the early part of the great Indian campaign.

The first view shows the command making the passage of Goose Creek, previous to the memorable engagement on the Rosebud, which was on the morning of June 17th. The back trail to this creek, the permanent supply camp of the season, was taken on the 11th. It was at this point that Frank Gruard, the chief scout, joined the regular column with a band of 150 Crow allies. The wagon-train and pack-train remained on Goose Creek, and entrenched themselves, while the main command proceeded northward to attack the Indian village, on the 16th.

The second, representing the distribution of arms and ammunition to the friendly Indians, introduces "White Flower," a celebrated Crow chief, who is said to be over one hundred years old. From very early life he has participated in all the conflicts in which his tribe has borne a part, and he has vast influence among his warriors. He is shown standing beside General Crook, interpreting to his men the instructions of the commander respecting the use of the weapons, and the method of returning them at the time designated for their surrender. "White Flower" is generally accompanied by "Humpy," who wears a white man's hat, perforated with diamond-shaped holes. He is the warrior who singly bore away the wounded Captain Henry of Company L, Third Cavalry, to a place of safety, under a heavy fire from the Sioux, at the battle of the Rosebud. He is a Shoshone by birth, but has been adopted by the Crow nation.

After the battle of the Rosebud the Crows became dissatisfied at some imaginary wrong, and began preparations to withdraw from the campaign. They were in the act of riding off, without fulfilling their promise to return their arms to the Government, when the Fabricius of the Usarak, or Crow Nation, appeared upon the scene, and, with outstretched arms and commanding voice, bade them surrender the guns which had merely been loaned them. Very reluctantly the Indians paused, and, riding to a designated spot, laid down the arms.

When our correspondent mailed these sketches he expected to start for the Black Hills via Fort Fetterman, and thence to the Yellowstone, where it was reported, September 10th, General Crook was encamped. It appears, however, that at that time Crook was really in camp near Slim Buttes. On the 7th he sent forty pack animals in charge of an escort of 250 men under command of Colonel Miles to secure rations, beef, etc., for the hungry column. On the afternoon of the 9th, Frank Gruard discovered an Indian village of forty large lodges on a little creek, a tributary of Owl or Grand River. Colonel Miles determined to attack the village with the force at command, and starting his men at two o'clock on the following morning dashed into the camp at 3:30 a.m., surprised the Indians completely, drove them out and captured their winter supply of provisions, together with one hundred and forty ponies.

On the morning of September 25th General Crook's staff and escort reached Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, and a few moments after their arrival the wagon-train, which had been left on Goose Creek two months previous, appeared. General Sheridan started from the fort on the 24th, expressing himself satisfied with the situation in the Department of the Platte. It is General Crook's expectation to return shortly to the field where the Indians are supposed to be encamped, and has already started General Merritt after the Crazy Horse band at the head of the Little Missouri. General MacKenzie, who distinguished himself by raiding across the Rio Grande a little over a year ago, accompanied General Crook.

## THE CENTENNIAL AWARDS.

GRANTING TWELVE THOUSAND AWARDS AT JUDGES' HALL TO THE SUCCESSFUL EXHIBITORS.

THE Judges appointed by the Centennial Commission have completed their labors, and the result was finally made public on Wednesday, September the 27th, by the granting of 12,000 awards to the successful exhibitors. The exhibits were arranged in twenty-eight groups, and the awards in each group appeared in the order in which they were made, without reference to the nationality of the successful competitors or the nature of the reports on which the awards were based. The commissioners of the different countries were handed lists of the successful exhibitors whom they represented, together with accompanying medals, without general announcement. The American system of



making awards is a new one. The old international jury system, which at no time was considered satisfactory, broke down at the Paris Exhibition in 1867, and fell into contempt at Vienna in 1873. To Commissioner N. M. Beckwith, of New York, belongs the honor of the introduction of the new system. Mr. Beckwith represented the United States at both the Paris and Vienna displays, and participated in the general disgust with which the jury system, then in vogue, was held. In consequence, he perfected the present one, which has far exceeded all anticipations. There were two defects in the old arrangement, the first of which was inherent in the body which made the decision, and the second in the method of giving expression to it. The jury which made the awards in any given group was as far as possible made up of the representatives of the countries which contributed articles to that group, and the jurors served without pay or an allowance for expenses. Experience proved that the field for the selection of jurors under this system was exceedingly limited. The result was, other material not being available on account of the absence of remuneration, those who were in attendance on the exhibition were pressed into service. These in most instances were either interested in the exhibits or were biased in favor of their own countries, which they desired to obtain the greatest number of prizes. The result of this can clearly be discerned. Constant jealousies, quarrels, intrigues and dissatisfaction followed. Under the system perfected in this country the gentlemen are Judges, and their duties are strictly judicial and not representative. One half are Americans and the other half are foreigners appointed by the different countries. The whole number of Judges is two hundred and twenty-five, about one-fourth as great as the number of jurors at the Vienna Exhibition. Each American Judge will receive \$600, and the foreign Judges \$1,000 to cover necessary expenses entailed in the performance of their duties. The Board of Judges comprise men of high, and in many cases distinguished, character, and have justified the confidence placed in them. Fortunate as the Commission has been in the selection of Judges, it has been no less so in securing the services of General F. A. Walker, who, as chief of the Bureau of Judges, has been intrusted with the responsible duty of putting the new system into practical operation. It is doubtful if there could have been found anywhere in this country a man better fitted for this difficult position. He brought to the work not only scientific attainments of a high order, but first-class executive ability and wide experience, and to his wisely directed efforts, more than to anything else, has the success of this important experiment been due. As the groups were divided into twenty-eight parts, and as no foreign nation had appointed to it more than twenty Judges, while most of them had less than ten each, it follows that in every group several countries failed to be represented, and no country could, through its Judges, by any possibility combine in the interests of its own exhibitors. The second defect in the old system was in the mode in which the Judges gave expression to their decisions. They said that one machine was superior to others, but did not designate in what the superiority consisted. Medals of four or five grades were awarded—gold, silver, bronze, etc., as degrees of excellence. By the new system a uniform bronze medal was given, and the real award is in the report of the Judges, which fully discriminates upon the relative merits of the exhibits.

The awards were made in Judges' Hall (which was specially decorated), in the presence of the foreign Commissioners, and about 1,800 invited guests, in the evening. Addresses were made by Commissioners Morrill and Goshorn, after which the President of the Commission presented the diplomas of awards to the presidents of the different foreign Commissions, and to Mr. Goshorn the awards of the successful exhibitors of the United States. Our artist, on another page, has given a sketch of the animated scene at this juncture.

#### PENNSYLVANIA STATE DAY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

THE one hundredth anniversary of the adoption of the first Constitution of Pennsylvania was commemorated on the 23d ult., by special ceremonies at the Centennial Grounds. The observance of Pennsylvania State Day, and the reception of Governor Hartranft, attracted the largest assemblage that ever gathered together on the Grounds, the paying and free admissions aggregating over 260,000 persons. About nine o'clock in the morning the veteran corps of the First Regiment reached the Globe Hotel, and, without any delay, started on the march to the Grounds, as escort to the Governor. His Excellency was taken directly to the Pennsylvania State Building, situated on the bank of the Lake. As the Governor entered the structure a long procession of local secret societies, city organizations, schoolchildren and workmen, entered the Grounds, accompanied by bands of music. At about ten o'clock the militia escorted the Governor, the President of the Centennial Commission, the orator of the day, ex-Governor of the State and invited guests, from the State Building to Judges' Hall, and upon the arrival of the procession, Morton McMichael called the assemblage to order. Governor Hartranft presided, making a brief speech upon the history of the State on taking the chair. General Hawley, President of the Centennial Commission, followed with an address acknowledging the fullest credit for the great aid extended the enterprise by Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia. Ex-Archbishop-General Brewster, the orator of the day, was greeted with applause prolonged to the echo. His speech was regarded on all hands as the most thorough epitome of the history of Pennsylvania for the past one hundred years. The brilliant talents of the great lawyer as an eloquent speaker did not come into the free play of an extemporized address; but the matter and the admirable grouping of its components will stand as a classic in the future of the State. In the afternoon Governor Hartranft held a public reception at the Pennsylvania Headquarters. While this was in progress, 150 boys and 100 girls of the soldiers' orphans of the Northern Home, and 150 boys of the Lincoln Institute, had arrived under the escort of Post No. 2, G. A. R., and in care of Dr. Harshberger, Captain Spier and Mr. Walk, of the first named, and E. F. Peirson and C. Town, of the last named institution. The boys of the Lincoln Institute were uniformed in navy blue, and those of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home in West Point cadet uniform, the latter carrying a banner inscribed: "We represent eighty regiments." The girls wore white dresses with black sashes. The Matthew Baird Cornet Band accompanied the visitors. All were under the escort and direct supervision of Professor Wickersham, State Superintendent of Schools. When in the presence of the Governor, the young visitors presented his Excellency with a handsome bouquet of flowers.

Mayor Stokely received at the Philadelphia Building. The lady managers of the Woman's Department met their friends at the Judges' Pavilion. There were present Mrs. Gillespie, President; Mrs. Forney, Mrs. White, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Buckman, (Continued on page 100.)

#### A New Plan for the Ladies.

A RETAIL drygoods house has discovered a short road to bankruptcy. It proposes to license customers to examine the goods on the payment of a small fee. When the ladies enter the door they will be met by a page, who will say: "Do you wish to buy, madame, or only to shop?" If the reply is "To buy," the customer will be escorted to the department she selects, and the article she asks for will be shown her and nothing else. If she says "To shop," she will have to buy a ticket for each member of the party, inscribed, "Good for one shopping." The bearer is entitled to turn over all the goods in the store. Not transferable. Good for this day and store only." These tickets will be sold in packages at reduced rates, and arrangements will be made to accommodate people who desire to commute by the month, quarter or year.

#### The Memory of Elephants.

FROM Berlin, a remarkable zoological fact is reported, worthy of Mr. Darwin's attention. Some negroes, who are at present in the German capital, having visited the Zoological Gardens, the whole animal world of African origin collected there was thrown into a state of excitement, partly even of ecstasy, at the sight of those dark familiar faces. The African elephant became so exuberant in his joy that he capered about, performing a kind of solo dance. The giraffes galloped in their cage and fro with such energy that the negroes had to be requested not to stop any longer there lest an accident should befall the animals. Even the dignified lions seemed to show by an unaccustomed expression that they were quite alive to the occasion. The power of remembering their native country through an association of ideas arising from the appearance of black men, and the strength of the affection for their African home, was evidently exemplified by this noteworthy scene. If such feelings can be evoked by vague flashes of recollection among wild beasts, how much more cultivated must be the mental faculties of domesticated animals whose progenitors have through long ages been associated with mankind.

#### Signature of the Cross.

THE mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signatures, is in the form of a cross; and this practice, having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. The signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently the use of the mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for among the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the persons signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The clericus, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its sacred associations, as well as the mark generally adopted. Hence the origin of the expression, "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching the character of an oath.

#### Amusing Advertisements.

THE following are some oddities in advertising, compiled by an Exchange:

"Two young women want washing."

"Teeth extracted with great pains."

"Babies taken and finished in ten minutes by a country photographer."

"Wood and coal split."

The next appeared in a London newspaper, under the head of "For Sale":

"Pianoforte—cottage—seven octaves—the property of a lady leaving England in a remarkably elegant case on beautifully carved supports."

And what does this mean?

"Business chance.—To be disposed of—genuine fried fish business at the West End."

Does the genuineness apply to the fish, the business, or to the way in which they are fried?

And one's mind gets hopelessly dazed over the advertisement offering a large reward for "A large Spanish blue gentleman's cloak, lost in the neighborhood of the market."

There are others deliciously inconsequent, like the advertisement of a runaway, which furnished this valuable hint for identification:

"Age is not precisely known, but looks older than he is."

Or the notice a shoemaker put on his door:

"Shall be back in ten days from the time you see this shingle."

Some, however, leave no loophole for doubt:

"Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing-syrup will never cry any more."

And an editor, puffing air-tight coffins, said:

"No person having once tried one of these air-tight coffins will ever use any other."

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Yarmouth Aquarium.

The town of Great Yarmouth has recently established an aquarium and winter garden. The ground is 430 ft. long by 100 ft. wide. The style is Italian Renaissance. The principal facade fronts the sea. On entering, the visitor finds himself in a very spacious and handsome vestibule, from which, to the left, open large refreshment-saloon, dining-rooms and lavatories. On the right are the entrances to the aquarium. It is a parallelogram, 194 ft. long by 55 ft. wide, the sides having ranges of tanks, and with numerous table-tanks in the

promenade. At the end is a seal-pond, with a rookery. Large store tanks for the duly prepared sea-water are placed under the floor. At the south end of the aquarium is another vestibule, leading to the skating-rink, the dimensions of which are 136 ft. by 88 ft. Ascending, at the other end, by a handsome staircase, one reaches the refreshment and reading-rooms; the latter, which has a fine view of the sea, is 42 ft. by 42 ft. Westward, facing the sea, we have a magnificent hall, 194 ft. long by 55 ft. wide, and 55 ft. high, with embellishments rich and effective. This grand apartment will be available for concerts, balls, banquets, or public meetings. The sides have large arched windows, those towards the sea opening to a terrace-promenade, ornamented with vases of flowers. Through the glazed screens at the south end of the hall glimpses are obtained of the conservatory beyond. This conservatory, or winter garden, is approached by the south staircase as well as from the hall, from which it is separated by the south vestibule. It is an iron and glass structure, with apical end. Filled with choice shrubs and flowers of tropical climes, and with fountains and sculpture, it cannot fail to be highly attractive. The second floor, at the north end, is occupied by apartments reserved for subscribers, giving them the special advantages of a club. The third floor will be used by the domestics.

#### The "Red Cross" and the Turkish Insurrection.

Throughout the terrible scenes of the Turkish insurrection the surgeons and members of the Red Cross have behaved nobly, being frequently under fire in the field. Russians and English have worked in harmony, the one as earnestly and devotedly as the other, assisted by a few Serbian medical men, who by so doing exhibited a marked contrast to others who did nothing. The Serbian hospital assistants, however, are not all that can be desired, and a gentleman had to draw his revolver on some of them before they would remove the wounded from an exposed place, and even then they tried to drop them on the way to the hospital, as shells overtook them. We also present our readers with illustrations of the contestants on both sides. The contrasting types of the Serbian and Turkish soldiers are shown in the cuts representing groups of prisoners.

#### Imperial Review of the St. Petersburg Fire Department.

Among the diversions with which the Czar of Russia is in the habit of entertaining his guests, is usually a review of the Fire Department of St. Petersburg. The Czar takes especial pride in this admirable corps, which was organized under his personal supervision. Our cut represents one of these grand reviews held in June last on the Champs de Mars, St. Petersburg, in honor of the Prince and Princess of Italy. The discipline of the corps is excellent, and its general organization is based upon the systems prevalent in our own large cities.

#### Hunting Kangaroos in Australia.

The huge island-continent of Australia possesses few indigenous mammalian beasts, and these mostly of the marsupial order, furnished in the female sex with nursing-pockets for the shelter and carriage of their young. The kangaroo and opossum, of which there are many species, varying greatly in size, are the well-known types of this singular order. The kangaroo is an odd-looking creature, with large and powerful hind legs, and with a tail strong enough to be used as a third hind-leg, but with comparatively small fore-limbs, chest and head. The powerful lower limbs have immense leverage in springing from the ground. Nearly three yards in height, and eleven or twelve yards in length, is a jump quite within their reach. It is supposed that the kangaroo is indebted to this leaping faculty, combined with that of carrying the little ones, for its preservation amidst the terrible grass-fires which frequently sweep over the Australian plains. This animal is pursued and run down by mounted hunters, with the assistance of hounds trained to the sport. The kangaroo, when once overtaken, is apt to show fight, striking heavy blows with his tail, or, perhaps, inflicting a severe wound, if he can raise himself for the kick, with the big nail upon the fourth toe of his hind-leg. This, indeed, he can only do when in an erect position, leaning against some support for the fore part of his body.

#### Educating Englishmen for Colonial Life.

Within the past year there has been developed in the Engineering School at the London Crystal Palace a "Colonial Section," in which gentlemen who are to proceed to the Colonies or abroad, as explorers, settlers, planters, or in any capacity where they may have to rely on their own resources to utilize to the best advantage the actual means with which they have to deal—are practically instructed to "use their hands," as a colonist would say. During the term that has just concluded these students have been instructed, among many other things, in modes of clearing, felling and utilizing timber, construction, rough carpentry, fencing, cart-wheel-making, tent-making, temporary shelters, and shifts and expedients of camp-life, etc. When the instruction, all of which is practical, arrived at this point, the students were "camped out" on the Tertiary Island in the Geological Lake, where the great extinct animals, the Iguanodon, Hylaeosaurus, etc., are restored, and there they lived entirely for three weeks or more. The island is quite wild and overgrown, and has always been isolated from the public. As our illustration shows, it is as appropriate a place for the work as could be found.

#### Breton Washerwomen.

The ladies of Vannes, in Brittany, evidently still adhere to the practice of their ancestors in the matter of washing clothes, rejecting new-fangled washing-machines and preferring the fresh stream of the Garonne to the artificial aid of soft soap and soda. Kneeling down at the river bank in little three-sided boxes, and spreading out the soiled garments upon smooth stones in the shallow stream, they energetically beat them with flat pieces of wood until they are clean. The effect of this is picturesque perhaps, but ruinous to the security of buttons.

#### VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

KING ALFONSO of Spain has ordered a Scotch plaid to be made for him. It will be a combination of the Bruce and Stuart tartans, he being allied to those houses.

THE story is told of a Bridgeport man who the other day went to Albany on business, but when he arrived there he forgot his errand, and was compelled to return home to find out what it was.

CAPTAIN BATES and his wife, formerly Miss Anna Swann, the giants, whose marriage in London attracted much attention several years ago, have retired from show-life, and built a fitting residence near Rochester, N. Y. He is seven and a half feet high, she is an inch taller, and each weighs over four hundred pounds. The rooms of their house are eighteen feet high, and the doors twelve feet. Their bedstead is ten feet long, and all the furniture is proportionately large.

IN 1875 the following heterogeneous collection of articles passed through the British post: Silk-worms and gentils, flowers, fruit and vegetables, various kinds of game, wearing apparel, leeches, snails, eggs, six white mice, a sparrow, two snakes, a crayfish, and a dog!

#### CENTENNIAL NOTES.

—ON October 10th the Sheep Exhibition will open.

—A LARGE bull worth \$10,000 graces a stall in the cattle show.

—PENNSYLVANIA DAY drew 220,000 paying visitors, the largest yet on record.

—THE jewelry display in the Italian department is being thinned by thieves.

—FORTY-FIVE thousand New Yorkers were present at Governor Tilden's reception.

—GENERAL GRANT, a mammoth ox of 5,000 pounds, is an attraction in the cattle show.

—A NECKLACE and set of pink coral is shown, which was sold to a Boston lady for \$2,300.

—IN the Hungarian section is an opal the size of the palm of the human hand, and valued at \$25,000.

—DURING the first eighteen days of September 305,093 people entered Philadelphia by the Pennsylvania Railroad.

—THERE will be no half-free admission Saturdays in October. The Finance Committee find they don't pay.

—IN spite of the rush, the hotels and boarding-house agents declare that they can accommodate the present generation easily.

—THERE were 22,000 in the procession of the grand demonstration of Old Fellows held on the 20th in honor of the Centennial.

—TEXAS JACK, who is scouting for Terry in the Indian country, is the proprietor of a saloon opposite the Main Exhibition Building.

THE breeders of trotting-horses throughout the United States opened a Centennial trotting meeting at Suffolk Park on September 26th.

—WITH the exception of the Canadians, the International Rifle teams made a tour through the Exhibition, and departed for Washington on Monday, the 25th.

—IN the display of Gibson, of Belfast, Ireland, is the largest emerald ever brought to this country. It is one and one-eighth inches in length by one inch in width.

—PRESIDENT GRANT was on the Grounds nearly all day on New York Day, but did not meet Governor Tilden nor enter the Empire State Building, although he dined at the English House, next door.

—THE special Centennial celebration of the District of Columbia is to be held on the 19th of October, in connection with that of Maryland. Some of her citizens are to participate in the Centennial national riding tournament on that day.

—UNTIL Thursday, September 28th, the largest attendance in one day at any exhibition ever held was that in Paris in 1867, when 173,000 visited the Exposition at ten cents admittance. But Pennsylvania Day's attendance at Philadelphia far exceeded this.

—A JEWELRY case from Turin contains a tiny boat formed of a single pearl, which form it assumes in swell and concavity. Its sail is of beaten gold, studded with diamonds, and the binnacle light at its prow is a perfect ruby. An emerald serves as its rudder, and its stand is a slab of ivory. Nothing remains untold but its price and its weight—the one \$4,750, and the other less than half an ounce.

—MARTIN, of Geneva, has a stem-winder set in the top of a penholder, having three tiny faces, one of which gives you the time of the day, another the day of the week, and the third the day of the month. This watch was made by an old man, who, as rapid a workman as one can be at such delicate labor, was engaged three years in its construction. With this knowledge, \$1,000 seems little enough to ask for it.

—C. MELLILLO, of Naples, has a beautiful exhibit of corals, embracing thousands of designs. Here we learn the wonderful difference in value caused by a shade or two in the color of the coral. An elegant "set" is shown us in one hand by the attendant, which he values at \$25, and in the other its exact duplicate in size, weight, workmanship and design, but valued at \$250. Placed side by side, the delicate pink of the one is clearly perceptible in contrast with the deeper red of the other.

—OF the monumental adornments of the Park designed to be erected as Centennial memorials during the continuance of the Exhibition, but one, the Humboldt statue, has been placed in position. At the Catholic T. A. B. Fountain but one of the five marble figures, that of Commodore Barry, has arrived, though it is stated the rest are ready for shipment from Italy. The Witherspoon monument will be unveiled October 20th; that of Christopher Columbus October 12th, the anniversary of the landing of the great navigator. The Bishop Allen monument, in honor of the first African Methodist Episcopal bishop of the United States, which was to have been unveiled on September 22d, has not arrived, and no preparations are being made for its reception. The statue of Religious Liberty, that was to have been erected temporarily by the Jewish Order of B'nai B'rith, will probably never be placed in position in the Park.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES

##### FOR WEEK ENDING SEPT. 30, 1876.

ON Monday, October 2d, Mr. Max Strakosch inaugurated a season of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music with "Norma." Mme. Palmieri appeared in the title rôle. . . . The Almée season at the Lyceum Theatre ended on Saturday evening, September 30th. "La Timbale D'Argent" being the opera. . . . Mr. Neuen-dorf, of the Germania Theatre, contemplates a season of Wagnerian concerts in November. He will reproduce the music of the Baireuth trilogy. . . . The first of a series of grand and popular concerts contemplated by Mr. Theodore Thomas takes place at Steinway Hall, Wednesday evening, October 4th. . . . The Union Square opened Monday, October 2d, with the "Two Orphans," Miss Kate Claxton appearing in her former part of Louise. . . . Mr. Robert Heller, the musical magician, has arrived in this city, and will give entertainments shortly. . . . M. le Commanche Caseneuve gave a successful magical séance at Chickering Hall, Saturday, September 30th. . . . "Baba," at Niblo's Garden, has been cut and remodeled considerably. . . . "Sardana-palus" still flourishes at Booth's Theatre. . . . The season at the Fifth Avenue Theatre opened on Wednesday evening, September 27th, with "Life, a Comedy of City Types." It introduced Miss Amy Fawcett, the new leading lady. . . . "Forbidden Fruit" began the regular season at Wallack's Theatre on Tuesday, October 3d. . . . "Clouds" holds the boards at the Park Theatre. . . . The regular season at the Grand Opera House began on Monday, October 2d, with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." . . . A correspondent writes that Mme. Anna Bishop has just been left a legacy of \$1,000 sterling by an Australian admirer. . . . Cariberg's "Flying Dutchman" Opera Troupe will reach New York January 5th. The season begins in Philadelphia.



THE TIME HAS NOW COME FOR A RADICAL CHANGE,  
AND THE SUBSTITUTION OF A WHOLLY NEW  
INFLUENCE, TIED UP BY NO RESTRICTIONS  
OTHER THAN THE GENUINE  
WISHES OF HONEST  
MEN OF ALL PARTIES.

Letter of Chas. F. Adams,  
Sept. 25th, 1876.

MR. TILDEN WOULD MAKE A VERY GOOD  
CANDIDATE, FOR HE IS A GENTLEMAN, AN  
ABLE MAN, AND A MAN OF VERY HIGH  
CHARACTER. *N. Y. Times*, July 24th, 1874.

TILDEN DID ALL THAT AN HONEST AND  
HIGHMINDED MAN COULD DO TO SAVE HIS  
PARTY FROM WALLOWING IN TWEED'S STY.  
*N. Y. Times*, October 6th, 1871.

IF THE PEOPLE WILL NOT BELIEVE REPUBLICANS,  
SURELY THEY WILL FIND IT HARD TO REFUTE  
THE EVIDENCE OF DEMOCRATS LIKE  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN, CHARLES O'CONOR, ETC.  
*N. Y. Times*, October 26th, 1871.

THE VOTERS OUGHT TO ESTEEM IT AN HONOR  
AND A PRIVILEGE TO ELECT SAMUEL J. TILDEN.  
HE HAS SHOWN HIMSELF A GALLANT, CONSCIENTIOUS,  
EFFICIENT FOE TO CORRUPTION.  
*N. Y. Times*, November 6th, 1871.

TILDEN REDUCED NEW YORK STATE TAXES IN 1875, \$7,459,286.08  
TILDEN REDUCED NEW YORK STATE TAXES IN 1876, 5,938,484.61  
TILDEN SAVED NEW YORK IN TWO YEARS, - - - \$13,397,770.69

TILDEN TURNED 40,000  
DEMOCRATIC VOTERS AGAINST  
THE TWEED RING.

MR. TILDEN HAS  
BEEN OPPOSED  
SOLELY ON THE  
GROUND THAT HE  
ASSISTED TO  
FASTEN PERSONALLY  
UPON TWEED, IN A  
COURT OF LAW, HIS  
GUILT.

[*N. Y. Times*,  
Sept. 16th, 1874.

WE MUST ALL ADMIT  
THAT TILDEN IS  
NOT SUPPORTED  
BY THE CANAL

PLUNDERERS.  
*N. Y. Times*,  
Sept. 16th, 1874.

NO ONE EVER SUPPOSED  
THAT MR. TILDEN ACTED  
FROM INTERESTED MOTIVES  
IN 1872.  
*N. Y. Times*, Sept. 11th, 1874.

TILDEN SAVED NEW YORK  
CITY IN TAXES IN 1876,  
\$3,843,255.95.

GENERAL HANCOCK  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

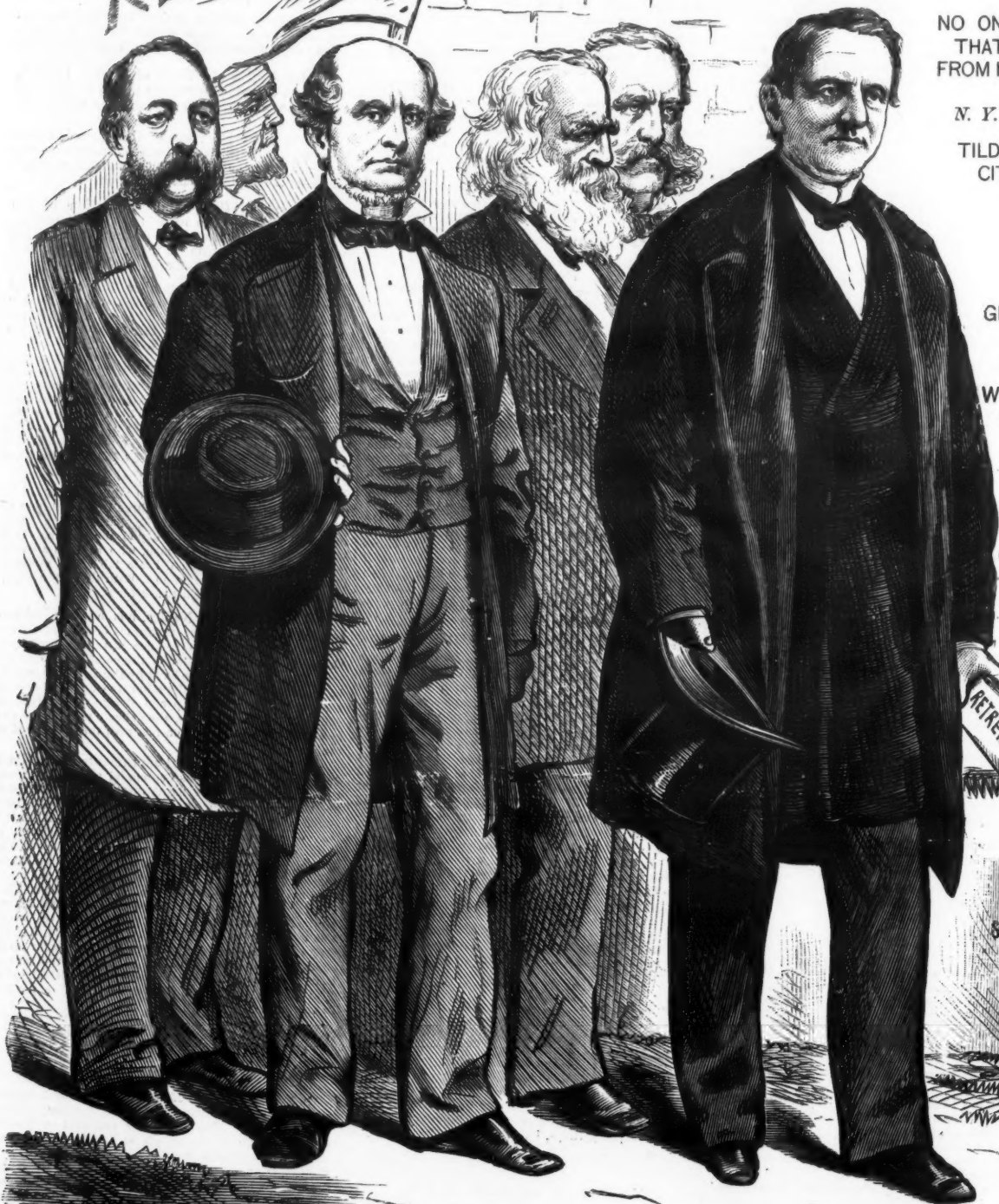
FREDERICK HASSAUREK  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

THE REPUBLICAN  
GOVERNOR, A. G. CURTIN,  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

VERILY IF THE PEOPLE ARE WISE  
THEY WILL LAY DOWN PARTY AND  
SEIZE THE PRESENT OPPORTUNITY TO  
MAKE A CHANGE.

CHAS. F. ADAMS, Sept. 25-76



J. KEPPLER

U. S. G.—"Since circumstances compel me to leave your service, I wish to recommend to you my good friend Hayes, who, I can assure you, will serve you as well as I have done."  
UNCLE SAM (to Hayes)—"Who are you, anyhow? I never heard of you before! I assuredly would never engage a perfect stranger on such a contemptible recommendation as this."  
TAXPAYER—"That's your proper course, Uncle Sam! We can vouch for Tilden's honesty, and with him in office we shall neither be robbed nor overridden by family dependents, nor by the Tweed Ring."

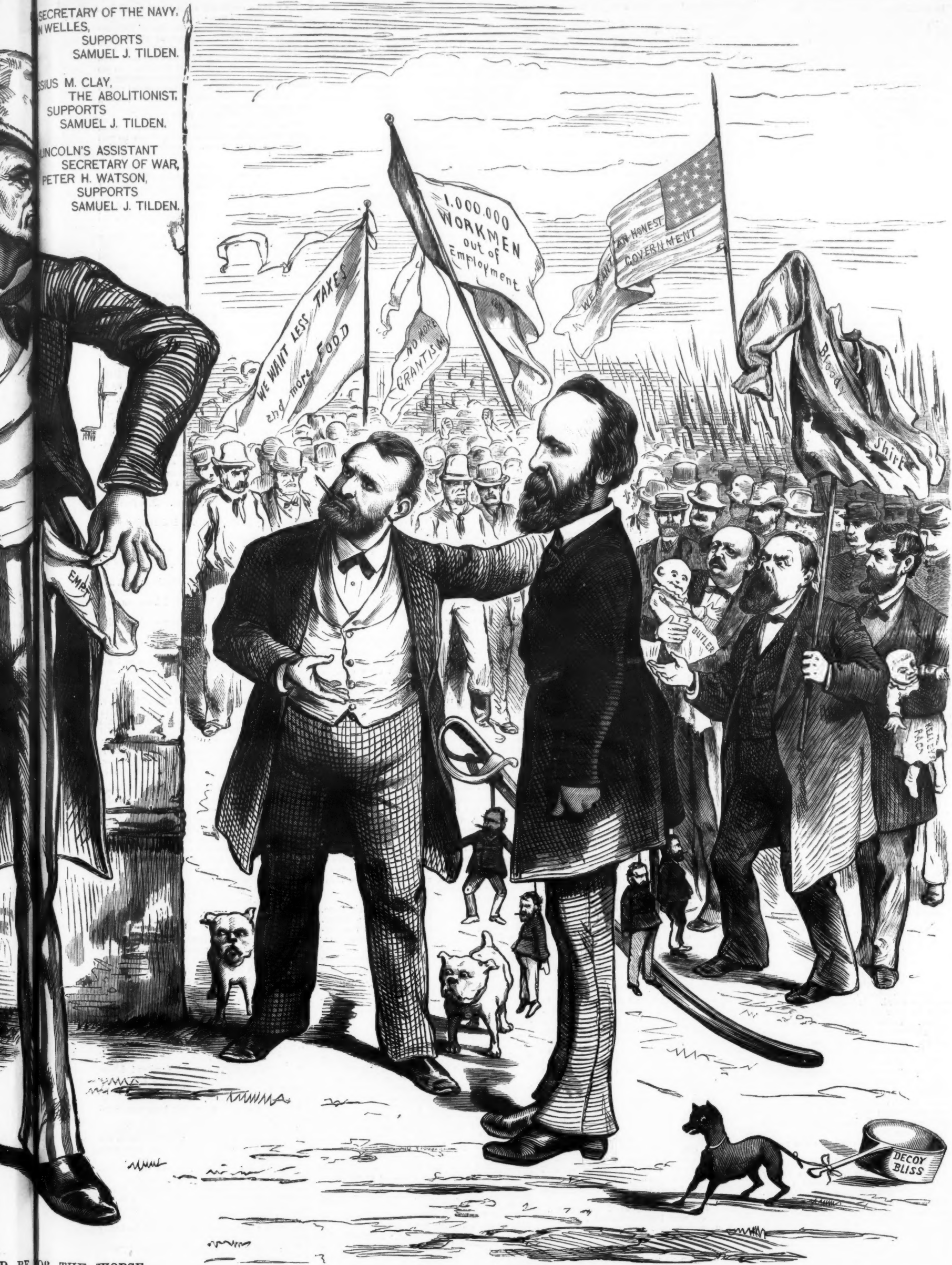
NO CHANGE COULD BE FOR THE



SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,  
WELLES,  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

SIUS M. CLAY,  
THE ABOLITIONIST,  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

LINCOLN'S ASSISTANT  
SECRETARY OF WAR,  
PETER H. WATSON,  
SUPPORTS  
SAMUEL J. TILDEN.



D BE OR THE WORSE.

ell as I ve done! He will be certain of the aid of all friends and office-holders in carrying out the work I have set on foot. (Aside.) Now, Hayes! Don't forget  
amendations as this you offer! The friends he promises you have emptied my pockets, depreciated my credit, and left me burdened with a million of unemployed poor.  
ly dependents, nor be subject to military tyranny."



## HONEYMOON REFLECTIONS.

"TIS over! It is done at last!  
The fatted calf is slain!  
Were riveted quite hard and fast  
Last Monday at St. George's.  
A shoddy with ample means,  
A priest intoning neatly,  
A bishop and two rural deans,  
Have tied the knot completely.

And so you're on your honeymoon,  
And wear a golden fether;  
You speculate—'tis rather soon—  
"Is it for worse or better?"  
You're thinking of a year ago—  
'Twas just such sunny weather—  
But somehow time went not so slow  
When we two were together.

A year ago those pretty eyes  
A world of truth reflected;  
A year ago your deepest sighs  
I never half suspected;  
A year ago my tale I told,  
And you were glad to listen;  
You were as pure, as good as gold,  
Or any maid fresh kisser.

In life's brief play you choose your part,  
Poor little foolish vendor!  
You sold your trustful, loving heart  
For shoddy and for splendor.  
The sky so blue, the sea so glad  
Brings joyous recollections;  
And yet you seem a world too and  
For honeymoon reflections.

## A Girl's Vengeance.

BY  
ETTA W. PIERCE,  
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD  
OF BENEDEK," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED).

"I CANNOT give you up—I will not!" he panted; and seized her hand, and, in spite of her resistance, forced the diamond back to its place upon her finger. "Resign you to Guy Hazelwood, or any other? Never! Did I not say you would cast me off without mercy some day? Did I not have good cause to dread leaving you in Brighton? Do you remember the foreboding of evil which I felt at parting with you there? As heaven hears me, it was a warning of this!"

The angry blood flew into Dolly's face, as she sought in vain to release her hand from his grasp. Yet the thought that she had no right to be angry—that she had no one but herself to blame for this scene—calmed her somewhat.

"Listen to reason, Lord Dane!" she pleaded, almost meekly. "I have done wrong—I acknowledge it—and I am penitent. As soon as you reflect upon the matter, you will see that, for the first time, I am acting kindly towards you; you will yet thank me for confessing my duplicity before it was too late. To marry you, Lord Dane, would be the greatest injury that I could do you. Our engagement is now over. You will go abroad with Lady Dane, no doubt, and, in three months' time forget me, or, at the most, remember me only with aversion. I cannot wear your ring another moment, and I forgive you this indignity because I have deserved it!"

His hold upon her did not relax. He was shaking from head to foot, and his fiery eyes seemed burn into her very heart.

"I knew from the first that you did not love me," he began, in a strange voice. "I knew that your motive for accepting me was not a worthy one, and yet that did not alter my love for you—it will never alter it! You need confess nothing. The only thing which I know—which I am at this moment capable of understanding, is this: I adore you—I will not give you up to any living being! I cannot live without you—scores of times I have told you that already. And you wish to be happy with Guy Hazelwood? Well, first release me from this terrible bondage in which you hold me, Dorothy—tell me how I can forget you, and I will take back my ring. If Guy Hazelwood had not come between us, you might have loved me some time."

"No," said Dolly, sadly; "you would have been Lady Dane's son to me always—nothing more. From my heart I am sorry that I ever saw you—from my heart I repent the wrong I have done you; more than this I cannot say. Time and a little meditation will release you from the bondage of which you talk. Come, let us not dabble in high tragedy, my lord. It is not possible for you to care for me after what I have told you—it is not in reason. You are young, and young people are apt to exaggerate everything—most of all, their own feelings. And now, let us close this interview, Lord Dane—I am sure it cannot be more unpleasant to me than to you."

Pulling her hand from him by main force, she drew off his ring for the second time. In her haste and agitation it fell to the floor. He set his heel upon it, and ground it fiercely into the carpet.

"Have mercy upon me!" he cried, hoarsely; "for the love of heaven have mercy, Dolly! Don't throw me over like this!"

She was frightened by his look—by the unconquerable passion in his eyes.

"Your ideas of mercy are sadly perverted, my lord," she quavered. "Do not distress me by asking impossibilities. Throw you over? I do not do that—I simply save you from a wretched marriage with a woman who never would and never could love you. Farewell, Lord Dane; long before you attain your majority you will bless this day."

He seized her almost roughly as she started to leave the room.

"Men have killed women for a smaller provocation than this, Dorothy!" he breathed rather than spoke.

"The plebeian herd sometimes do such things," she answered, unmoved, "but not the aristocrat, my lord—he is better bred! Release me; I must leave you now."

His hand dropped away from her. She glided to the door, and with averted face swept him a

hurried bow, and was gone, in all her maddening beauty, from his sight.

Motionless, almost breathless, Basil Dane stood as she had left him, like a figure in stone. The sleet and rain rattled upon the long windows, the broken ring glittered there on the carpet at his feet. It was the striking of a clock on the mantel which aroused him, at last. He started from his stupor, and, rushing out of the house, flung himself into the saddle, and, digging his heels into the flanks of his splendid thoroughbred, dashed away from Hazel Hall—away, like the wind, into the storm and gloom of this far from merry Christmas Day.

Meanwhile at the Priory, Lady Dane, forgetful of her character of invalid, and indifferent to the astonished eyes of her servants, arose from her sofa and walked restlessly from room to room, peering out with anxious, apprehensive eyes for Lord Basil's return.

Hour after hour went by—he did not appear. The Christmas dinner was smoking on the sumptuous board—her ladyship's haggard face began to assume a look of wild alarm. Within the last few weeks she had aged greatly. Anxious days and nights were telling deeply upon her well-preserved beauty. Where was Basil? What could detain him? What had happened at Hazel Hall? To leave her, his mother, on a day like this, at the call of that girl—it seemed more, indeed, than her proud heart could bear! The avenues were all dripping with wet, the sky hung dark and ominous, like a great sorrow, over the house. Hither and thither flitted Lady Dane, now in one apartment, now in another, dead evidently to all sense of fatigue and all thought of illness, till, presently, the far sound of hoofs upon the drive reached her alert ear. He was coming up the avenue at last, drenched from head to foot, pallid as a corpse, his horse a sheet of mud and foam. Lady Dane's heart leaped into her throat at the sight. He must have been riding desperately, recklessly, aimlessly for hours. He reeled out of the saddle, and flung his rein to a groom. A moment after she heard his step in the hall and flew to meet him. Something in his drawn, haggard face, so handsome and so boyish, struck a deadly chill to her heart.

"She has thrown me over!" he gasped, and staggered and fell like a log to the black oak floor.

But at Hazel Hall, Christmas was a merry day, despite the clouds and rain. Though sobered somewhat by her interview with Lord Dane, Dolly was in high feather, for this was her betrothal-day with Guy Hazelwood, the lover of her choice, the only one of all her suitors whom she could call master. And Guy? The apparition of the previous night was still fresh in his memory, and that it disturbed his Christmas cheer somewhat, it was useless to deny. But how could he let a ghost or any number of ghosts come betwixt himself and such a glorious reality as Dolly Hazelwood! Dolly, cream-tinted, loving-eyed, smiling and beautiful as a Circe? No; perish all illusions, all memories that could henceforth hold them apart!

"I will love you, Dolly, as woman was never loved before!" he said, as he took her hand, and saw that Lord Dane's ring was gone from it.

As for Mrs. Hazelwood, she had but one grievance on this particular day, and that was the strange disappearance of her seamstress, at which, also, the remainder of the household marveled much. Johnson, the waiting-maid, explained the matter in a straightforward fashion.

"Last night a friend of Sarah's brought her news from London—she said bad news, ma'am—about her lover, that was awfully hurt by a fall from a staging—a carpenter he is, ma'am—and Sarah was quite distraught; would start for him at once, without a word to a soul, though I told her it would vex you much. She left her regrets, ma'am, and I hope you'll kindly excuse her, for she was quite out of her head, as I said before."

This was Johnson's story, and her mistress believed it.

As for Guy Hazelwood, how could he be led, by any force of imagination, to connect the abrupt departure of that tall, tawny-haired sewing-woman with the white, ghost face, beautiful with the beauty of a dead woman, which had stared in upon him from his smoking-room window?

No; it could not be. So, as I said before, this was a happy day at Hazel Hall; and when it was over, when Guy Hazelwood had murmured good-night to Dolly on the stair, and smiled down into her brown eyes with a grand air of conscious possession, the girl sat down in her own chamber, and wrote a long, long letter to Aunt Prue, full of girlish secrets, a jumble, in fact, of balls, and toilets and love affairs, all ending in this wise:

"And so, after all, dear Aunt Prue, I am to marry Guy Hazelwood, the very man that you distrust so much. I have loved him, I think, ever since I first saw him at Sea View, and as I write this, I am the very happiest girl in the whole wide world. In a few months, at furthest, I shall be his wife, and, for me, all the troubles of life seem over for ever. You must forget your prejudice at once, and like him for my sake. I have no words to tell you what he is to me. If he were a beggar, I should adore him the same; but he is not a beggar—he is rich, as well as noble and good. I shall be the mistress of Hazel Hall—this grand birthplace of my English ancestors. Oh, Aunt Prue, my cup is full; there is really nothing left for me to desire in life. Your Dolly, your insignificant Sea View girl, has had her share of conquests in the last few months; has been puffed up with pride and sorely tempted, but that is over now. She is to wed her heart's choice, and none other, at last."

"All the troubles of life seem over for ever." Yes; that was what Dolly wrote, and even as she did it, a shadow, dark as death, was gathering over her.

## CHAPTER XXX.—HOW IT ENDED.

ONE Spring day, at the beginning of the London season, three persons were sitting at dinner in the elegant dining-room of Lady Dane's town-house in Park Lane.

Far and wide through the English meadows primroses and purple violets bloomed. The trees in Hyde Park were green and umbrageous, and all

the fashionable world had come up to London on its yearly carnival.

The first of the three persons was Lady Dane, looking years older than when we saw her last; the second was her son, who had returned to London a few days before from a four months' tour on the Continent, and the third was Doctor Stanhope, a London physician, portly, grave, and middle-aged.

Lord Dane sat opposite his mother at the table. He had changed much since that fateful Christmas morning when Dolly Hazelwood had given him back his ring. The chronic melancholy had deepened greatly in his face. It bore also the unmistakable marks of dissipation. Evidently Lord Basil had been going the pace of late. He looked haggard and ill, and it was noticeable that he took no part in the conversation which was going on, in a labored fashion, betwixt his mother and the London doctor.

"That charming actress, Mademoiselle Fanchon, is back again at the Princess's Theatre," the latter was saying, as he sipped a glass of tokay, and all London is wild again over her. I saw her last night as *Juliet*. She draws enormous houses, and is really a lady of remarkable talent."

"Mademoiselle Fanchon! Oh, yes. I remember her very well," answered Lady Dane, nervously watching her son to see if he were listening. "A very handsome young creature. She created a great sensation at the same theatre a year ago—was the rage, in fact, of London. You have not forgotten her, Basil—you admired her immensely?" He lifted his hollow, dark eyes for an instant, and let them fall again.

"I never heard of her," he answered. "What! That lovely, *petite* brunette to whom it was said the old Earl of Carburyshire, Lord Villiers, and others quite as foolish, offered marriage last year?"

"I never heard of her," repeated Lord Basil, irritably.

Doctor Stanhope gave him a long, queer look, but went on quietly talking with Lady Dane. A few moments after his lordship arose, without a word to his guest or his mother, and left the table.

The moment he was gone, Lady Dane leaned forward, white and breathless, and laid her hand on the doctor's arm.

"Well?" was all she could say.

The doctor looked preternaturally grave. He had been her ladyship's family physician for many years.

"I greatly fear Lord Dane suspects that I came here to-day to watch him," he said, evasively.

"Tell me," she urged, her proud face drawn and white with apprehension; "you know my anxiety; is he ill—seriously ill?"

The doctor let his eyes rest thoughtfully upon his wine-glass.

"One moment, my dear madame. He has been upon the Continent, with his old tutor, for the last four months—ever since that unhappy love-affair of which you told me, eh?"

Lady Dane nodded.

"And during this time he has given his tutor no end of trouble. He has startled, puzzled, and perplexed him with his unruly ways, his dissipation, his violent tempers. You do not know what to make of him. He is altogether unlike himself, melancholy, morose, full of strange abstractions. His health, also, is failing rapidly. You feel greatly alarmed?"

"Yes, yes."

"Now, when was this marked change first apparent in his lordship?"

"He has never been the same since Miss Hazelwood refused to marry him," answered Lady Dane, bitterly; "all the change of which you speak dates from that time."

The doctor grew graver yet.

"Has he met the young lady recently?"

"No; he left for the Continent the day after his engagement was broken."

"Does he ever speak of her to you?"

"He has not done so of late. His manner towards me is unaccountable," said Lady Dane, sighing heavily; "my very presence seems offensive to him. He shrinks from me, repulses me, treats me with positive aversion, and all because he attributes to me the loss of that girl."

The doctor remained silent.

"I sent for you to-day," continued Lady Dane, "because I can bear this suspense no longer. Tell me what I have to fear; answer me the question which I asked you just now—is my son ill, seriously ill?"

"He is seriously ill, madame," answered the doctor. "It would be neither wise nor kind to conceal it from you."

"Speak plainly, Doctor Stanhope!"

"Well, then, I greatly regret Lord Dane's unhappy attachment. No worse thing could befall a youth of his peculiar temperament."

Lady Dane grew white as ashes.

"You mean—"

"God help you! I see in him the incipient workings of his father's malady. The hereditary foe of the Danes is now threatening your son. He has always been of a melancholy nature, and it needed but a disappointment like this to develop all his constitutional tendencies. He must have perfect quiet, madame. Do not cross his will in anything, and avoid all exciting topics, especially such as relate to his unhappy passion for Miss Hazelwood."

Lady Dane fell helplessly back in her chair.

"His father's malady!" she groaned. "Oh, my God!" Her fears had taken form at last—at last. She knew what she had to dread—knew also to whom she owed this terrible, this irremediable calamity. "Mad!" she cried—"my son, my son!"

Doctor Stanhope sprang up, poured a glass of wine, and held it to her colorless lips.

"Be calm, my dear madame," he urged; "his disease is, as yet, in its infancy. It may be successfully treated before any violent outbreak occurs. Above all, do not let Lord Basil know of your fears. Be calm for his sake."

"I will—I will!" sobbed her ladyship.

"Believe me, I am deeply grieved for you. A happy attachment might have been the boy's salvation—an unhappy one threatens him with destruction. Where is Miss Hazelwood at the present time?"

Lady Dane shuddered at the bare mention of her young enemy's name.

"In Kent. She is upon the eve of marriage with her kinsman, the master of Hazel Hall. After that, she will probably come up to London."

"Then we must get Lord Dane away from town before an encounter with her is possible. In his present state I should greatly dread a meeting betwixt the two. Perhaps some quiet medical retreat would be the best, the safest place for him, during the next few months."

"A madhouse!" gasped Lady Dane.

"Do not call it by so harsh a name. I mean some strictly private establishment, where he will receive the most careful treatment, the kindest attention."

"Oh, heaven have mercy on us both!"

"My dear madame, you are in no mood for further conversation with me to-day—to-morrow I will see you again."

The two arose from table. Doctor Stanhope pressed Lady Dane's hand in silent sympathy, and took his departure.

Alone in her great drawing-room, the unhappy mother sank into a chair and covered her face. She was stunned, overwhelmed by the terrible doom which menaced her son. How could she bear it? All the hopes of her life, all her ambitions, all her happiness were centred in him. Heart and soul shrieked out against the fate which hovered over him. Better to see him dead before her than mad! She thought of Sir Lionel, the unloved husband who had raised her from obscurity to power and wealth, and shuddered. Yes, the taint was in Lord Basil's blood, and it had been reserved for her beautiful enemy, Hetty Hazelwood's daughter, to arouse it to life.

A step crossed the room suddenly. Lady Dane lifted her face from her hands, and looked up to find her son standing by her side.

"Did you bring Stanhope here to-day," he began, irritably, "to study my case? Do you think the hereditary madness of the family is cropping out in me, mother?"

She had excited his suspicions, then. She controlled herself by a mighty effort.

"Madness? How can you say such a thing, Basil—how can you think it? Surely not. Doctor Stanhope is a very old friend. Fie! why should I not ask him to dinner?"

He made an impatient gesture. His face was pale and frowning.

"Don't try to deceive me. Did Stanhope call me mad?"

"No! no!"

He laid his hand on the back of her chair.

"Then he saw in me indisputable signs of future madness?"

"Basil! Merciful heaven! why do you talk like this?"

"If I were not mad, how could I hate you, as I do at this moment?"

She looked up into his black, sorrowful eyes with a sudden fear curdling her blood.

"Hate me—me—your mother, Basil!" she gasped in horror.

"Yes, I have hated you ever since you told me the story of your love for Cyril Hazelwood—ever since you explained to me why Cyril Hazelwood's daughter was your born foe."

The terrible words turned her sick with misery.

"Basil, you forced me to do it—you would give me no peace till you knew all. Why should that set you make you hate me? It was I, and I only, who was wronged. Without doubt, Hetty Hazelwood would have died at her child's birth if she had never seen my face, never heard my name. Don't reproach me because I was more sinned against than sinning."

"However that may be," he cried angrily, "my heart is turned against you! How could Dolly Hazelwood love your son? To you I owe all my torment. I blame you for all her duplicity, all her instinctive dislike for me? But for you, she might have felt and acted differently. There are times when the thought of this drives me wild, when I say to myself that I would rather have been born the lowest peasant in the land than your son!"

It was the first time for weeks that he had mentioned the object of his unhappy passion. The blood rushed into Lady Dane's face, but she remembered Doctor Stanhope's warning to avoid exciting topics, and choked back the words that rose to her lips.

"Basil, I do not deserve your reproaches," and the tears overspread her dark eyes—tears wrung from the depths of her own humiliation and suffering—"much less your hatred. But you do not mean what you say, and I forgive you."

His dark, haggard face changed suddenly. He turned away from her and walked to the window.

"Is Merriton, my mentor, in yet?" he asked, in an altered voice.

Merriton was his tutor. Lady Dane looked up at a French clock on the mantel.

"No; he is dining out. Do you want him, Basil?"

"It doesn't signify. Poor old Merriton! I have given him a vast deal of trouble of late. How beastly dull the house is to-day! In fact all London is like a tomb this Spring."

"My dear boy, I fancied the town was unusually gay."

"Then it must be that I look at it through jaundiced eyes. I will wait for Merriton in the billiard-room. I want him to read over some classics with me by-and-by."

And with that he went away, and she was left again to her own dark, miserable thoughts.

An hour after, Mr. Merriton, the tutor, tapped at the drawing-room door. Nixon had told him that her ladyship wished to speak with him as soon as he returned. Lady Dane looked up, as he entered, with a face so worn and old that he hardly knew her.

"Good heaven!" he cried, involuntarily; "what is the matter?"

"I have heard bad news to-night, Mr. Merriton," she said, laying her hot hand on his arm. "My son is ill—very ill; this will account for many strange things you have noticed in his conduct of late. I wish you to watch him without appearing to do so; I rely upon your good sense and discretion. Basil must not suspect that I have spoken to you upon this subject. Do you understand me?"



Mr. Merriton, a quiet, studious man, looked at her sorrowfully.

"Yes, madame, I understand you; I have known for weeks that his lordship was ill."

He took the seat to which she pointed him, and for a while the two sat conversing in low, grave voices. Then the tutor arose, and went to seek his noble pupil.

The billiard-room was deserted. Clustered lights burned over the long tables, but no Lord Basil was visible. Merriton hurried to his bedchamber—he was not there. Alarmed beyond measure, he rushed from room to room, but did not find the young lord. In an upper corridor of the house, however, he encountered his valet.

"Thurston," he cried, excitedly, "where is his lordship?"

"He left the house more than an hour ago," answered the valet.

"Left the house?" echoed the tutor, aghast. "Impossible; he promised to wait for me here! Have you seen him since dinner?"

"Yes, sir; I saw him go away, as I have just told you."

"Alone, man?"

"Quite alone."

"Good heaven! Did he not say anything to you?"

"Not a word. He just threw his cloak over his arm, took his hat and walked out, as if he was thinking of something in dead earnest, sir."

"You idiot!" groaned Merriton; "why did you not go and tell her ladyship at once!"

And, waiting for nothing more, he rushed down to the drawing-room, and into Lady Dane's presence, pale with consternation and excitement.

"The worst possible thing has happened!" he cried; "Lord Basil is missing, madame, and I fear—I greatly fear that he has taken the evening express to Kent."

To Kent—to the Priory—the very place which her ladyship dreaded above all others—to the very place which held for him untold dangers!

It was even so. Merriton had guessed the truth by instinct.

At the very moment when he stood communicating his suspicions to Lady Dane, in her Park Lane drawing-room, the noble runaway was just alighting from the train at Hazelcroft Station, muffled to the eyes, and with a very pale face gleaming under his hat.

As he crossed the platform to look for a fly, he saw an open carriage drawn up before it, and, leaning over its side, a face which made his very heart stand still—a cream-white, glorious face, with a fringe of ruddy curls waving along the forehead, and the shadow of a soft gray plume falling upon it mistily.

She did not see Lord Dane; she was gazing over and beyond him to the people who came thronging after.

He strode close up to the carriage-side, and, laying his hand upon it, looked at her in the moonlight. Dolly Hazelwood gave a great start, and started back involuntarily, as if a ghost confronted her.

He lifted his hat without speaking.

"Lord Dane!" murmured Dolly, in a pained, low voice. "You have returned then?"

His black, burning eyes gazed fixedly into her own for a moment—a gaze which she was likely to remember. He seemed incapable of speech. He bowed silently, stepped back from the carriage, and vanished into the crowd.

He found a fly-stand near, and a fly in waiting, and, seating himself in the vehicle, Lord Basil rolled briskly off on the road to the Priory.

(To be continued.)

### The People of Bulgaria.

BULGARIA is a region of mountains. The country now known as Bulgaria was before the year 679 occupied by Slavs, who had driven southward or exterminated the old Thracian race. These settlers, known by the name of the seven tribes, were in their turn subdued by the more warlike tribe of Bulgares, who descended from their resorts on the Volga, and who, like the Turks, were of Tartar or Finnic origin. The Bulgares, after giving their name to the country and the language, became absorbed in the more numerous Slavic race; but not without blending with it certain Tartar characteristics of feature and disposition, which are still to be recognized in greater or less degree in the existing Slavo-Bulgarians. In the beginning of the ninth century this interblended people, under kings of their own, had risen into a formidable power, and were in a state of chronic feud with the Greek Empire. In 861 the country south of the Balkan was ceded to them, and received the name of Zagora. In the same year the Bulgarian king, Borghis, and his people embraced Christianity, and at the end of the tenth century, under King Samuel, Ochrida, on the Albanian border, became the seat of their power as a patriarchate. From the rise of the monarchy, indeed, until its destruction, in the eleventh century, the wars of the Bulgarians with the empire form, says Finlay, "an important and bloody portion of the Byzantine annals." They were overthrown by the Emperor Basil II., who was named "the Slayer of the Bulgarians." From the twelfth century onwards the Bulgarians may be regarded as a subdued people. At the Turkish conquest, unlike their brethren in the Slavo-Serbs, they did not appear as a nation. The Osmanlis exterminated what remained of the Bulgarian nobility, and the present rayahs are the descendants of the serfs who were attached to the soil of a large part of what is now modern Turkey. Impassively they seem to have resigned themselves to this abject condition, and meekly to have passed under the yoke of their Moslem masters. They are, indeed, a people who have lost their history, and are without the inspiring effect of national traditions. As in Bosnia and Albania, numbers of them, and for like reasons, became Mohammedans. The conquering race are, as we have said, represented in Bulgaria by only half a million of Osmanlis, and their number is steadily decreasing. Owing to this decrease it has been the policy of the governing power to introduce Tartars and Circassians of the Mohammedan faith into the province. There can be no question that the Bulgarian Christians have been for ages cruelly maltreated and oppressed by the governing Moslems. It is a well-authenticated fact that hundreds of them are annually killed by Mussulmans without inquiry being made. The injustice and extortion which have so long reigned in Turkey have driven so many of the Bulgarians into the ranks of Hajduks, or mountain brigands. They are, in fact, connected with the peasants by ties of common descent and friendly intercourse, and find shelter in their houses during the severity of winter. These bands, in some respects, answer to our ideas of Robin Hood's

or Rob Roy, constitute themselves the guardians of the rayahs, and live by taking revenge on their oppressors. The father of a family will tell you coolly, "The Pasha plundered me, and I sent my son to the Hajduks." Brigandage has existed in the Balkans for centuries. Robbers by profession in time of peace, the Hajduks become patriots in time of commotion or war. The sudden outbreak of the insurrection in the mountainous region between the Balkan and the Rhodope Ridges in May last was the work of the Hajduks and their abettors. On the unhappy peasants being compelled to join in the movement, terrible reprisals were made by murderous bands of Bash-Bazouks and Circassians.

### Mahogany.

THE first mention of mahogany is that it was used in the repair of some of Sir Walter Raleigh's ships, at Trinidad, in 1597. Its finely variegated tints were admired; but in that age the dream of El Dorado caused matters of more value to be neglected. The first that was brought to England was about the beginning of the last century, a few planks having been sent to Dr. Gibbons, of London, by a brother who was a West Indian captain. The doctor was erecting a house, and gave the planks to the workmen, who rejected them as being too hard. The doctor then had a candle-box made of the wood, his cabinet-maker also complaining of the hardness of the timber. But, when finished, the box became an object of general curiosity and admiration. He had one bureau, and Her Grace of Buckingham had another, made of this beautiful wood; and the despised mahogany now became a prominent article of luxury, and at the same time raised the fortunes of the cabinet-maker (Wollaston), by whom it had been at first so little regarded. Since that time, rivaling and almost displacing all other ornamental woods, mahogany has become everywhere indispensable, and is, all over the world, converted into whatever of useful or beautiful may promote the convenience and comfort, or delight the taste, the caprice, or the religious sentiment of civilized man. The mahogany-tree is found in Florida, and may thus be claimed as indigenous to the United States; and there is no reason to doubt that it may and hereafter will be planted and cultivated to great advantage. But hitherto it has been out chiefly in the native forests of the Bahamas, the West India Islands, Honduras, and Yucatan. Full-grown, it is one of the monarchs of the forests of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to a very lofty height, and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces—covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light, and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen—present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. The fruit is a hard, woody capsule, oval, not unlike the egg of a turkey in size and shape, and contains five seeds, in each of which are inclosed about fifteen seeds. The mahogany lumbermen, having selected a tree, surround it with a platform about twelve feet above the ground, and cut it above the platform. Some dozen or fifteen feet of the largest part of the trunk are thus lost. Yet a single log not unfrequently weighs from six or seven to fifteen tons, and sometimes measures as much as seventeen feet in length, and four and a half to five and a half feet in diameter, one tree furnishing two, three, or four such logs. Some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet, and at average piece prices have sold for \$15,000. Messrs. Broadwood, London, pianoforte manufacturers, paid £3,000 for three logs, all cut from one tree, and each about fifteen feet long and more than three feet square.

### Wolves in Russia.

A MOST curious and interesting pamphlet has lately been published at St. Petersburg as an appendix to the Government official paper. It consists of statistics of the amount of damage done by wolves in Russia, with remarks on the habits of these destructive animals, and on the means for destroying them. The amount of property destroyed by wolves, according to the data given, is something appalling.

In the year 1873, for example, in one government, that of Vologda, comprising an area of 354,000 square versts, they killed 14,000 head of large cattle, and 35,000 head of small; in the Kazan government, in a space of only 56,000 square versts, they killed 5,000 large, and 26,000 small, of an aggregate value of 254,000 roubles, the population of this government being only 1,715,000. In the St. Petersburg government the losses are smaller; but even there, in the same year, property was destroyed by wolves to the extent of 64,000 roubles.

In forty-five Russian governments, exclusive of the Baltic Provinces and Poland, 74,900 head of cattle were destroyed in one year, making a loss to the country of over 7,500,000 roubles, or more than five million dollars.

The report contains much that is interesting as regards the natural history of the wolf, illustrated by anecdotes—as, for example, to show the strength of these beasts, it relates that one fell into a trap and lost its right fore-foot; on three legs it ran out of the wood and seized a sucking-pig tied by hunters to the rear of their sledge, received a bullet through the left leg, and, nevertheless, ran twenty versts further, and was killed running. The amount of wolves will eat is enormous. In two or three hours a pair will eat the half of a horse weighing 350 kilograms, they themselves weighing not more than 50 kilograms. A dangerous peculiarity is their trick of appearing to be dead. A peasant found a wolf apparently dead on the ground, beat him with a cudgel, and took him home on his sledge for the sake of his skin. In the night he heard a noise, and found the animal on his table. It jumped at his throat, and his wife, who rushed for help, found him dead on her return.

The report states that the number of wolves in the country cannot be less than 170,000, and that they eat of feathered game alone 300,000,000 head. In 1875 no less than two hundred people were destroyed by these ferocious beasts, and many and various are the means suggested for suppressing these injurious animals, such as forming regular hunts, giving premiums for every one killed, and poisoning them.

### A Greek Wedding.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Standard says: "I was fortunate enough to be in Patras on the occasion of a Greek wedding, which is an interesting and peculiar ceremony. Weddings among the Greeks are for the most part solemnized in the evening and at home, and from the nature of the rite must be very trying to the persons principally concerned. A small table is placed in the centre of the room, on one side of which stand the bride and bridegroom, each holding a long, lighted candle; on the opposite side the officiating priests. Behind the former the best man takes his place; he has an important part to fill in the ceremony and is ranked as a relation from the time of the marriage. The room is of course brilliantly lighted, and the numerous guests throng as closely as they can towards the centre in order to gain the better view. Many prayers are chanted by the priests and their assistants, unintelligible even to the ears of a classical scholar, with the exception of the often-

repeated 'Kyrie eleison,' which forms so prominent a part in almost every Greek service. There is a very elaborate ritual—signing the bride and bridegroom on the forehead three times with the ring, the blessing two wreaths which are afterwards placed on their heads by the best man, and, at a latter part of the rite, interchanged over and over again, the drinking of wine three times from the same cup, the kissing by both of the bride and groom of the priest's hand who has made them one, and, finally, the strangest part of the ceremony, when the clergy, closely followed by the bride and bridegroom hand-in-hand, the best man, and the nearest relatives of the newly-married couple, make the tour of the table three times. This is said to be a relic of heathen days, while the drinking of wine from the same cup has been continued from the Jews.

"When the ceremony, which lasts three-quarters of an hour, is over, and the young couple have been duly kissed and congratulated by their assembled friends, the festive part of the evening begins. Servants appear on the scene, carrying large trays heaped with bon-bons, sugar-plums, and artificial fruits of different sorts. These are presented to the guests, who are expected to help themselves liberally and to take to their friends at home as much as they care to carry. Cooling drinks of various kinds are also brought in never-ending supply, and the evening ends, sometimes with a ball, sometimes with the departure of bride and bridegroom for their own home."

### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

**Gratis Analysis.**—It is worthy of note that in the laboratory of the French School of Mines, founded in 1845, for analyzing gratuitously any substances submitted, made last year 767 analyses, chiefly minerals and manures. Since the commencement, 23,571 analyses have been made in this laboratory free of any charge.

**High Binocular Powers.**—Mr. Stephenson, who some time since introduced the binocular microscope bearing his name, which was found to work well with high powers, is now able to use it effectively with a one-twenty-fifth objective, constructed by Zeiss, of Jena, and mounted specially so that the optical combination may come near enough to the prisms.

**English Meteorology.**—The Report of the Meteorological Committee of the Royal Society for 1875 shows that considerable attention has been paid to ocean meteorology; that the arrangements for weather telegraphy are now fairly completed, and that the land meteorology of the British Islands continues in operation without material change.

**Heavy Hoisting.**—A remarkable crane has been planned and is about to be erected in the rear of the Royal Gun Factories, Woolwich. It may be described as a circular traveler. On a strong pedestal about thirty feet high two arms or branches will radiate horizontally like the hands of a watch, the extremities of which will rest upon a circular platform supported by columns. The branches will be moved by steam-power all round the compass, pivoting on the centre, and it is estimated that, with sufficient tackle, they will lift 1,000 tons.

**Heavy Projectiles.**—The 100-ton gun manufactured by Sir William Armstrong for the Italian Government will be proved at Spezia. Instead of being fired from a sledge or carriage, it will be mounted on a pontoon raft and fired afloat. Sir William Armstrong has guaranteed that the gun shall yield an energy of 25,000 foot-ton, which, with the 2,000 lb. shot which is to be employed, will necessitate a velocity of only 1,343 feet per second. The 81-ton gun has, with a lighter projectile, accomplished a velocity nearly equal to 27,000 foot-ton, and if the 100-ton gun is prepared to endure corresponding charges and equivalent pressures, it should give results in increased proportion.

**A Geographical Survey.**—On the 12th of September a Geographical Congress, convened by the King of the Belgians, met at Brussels, under the presidency of his Majesty. The King said that in calling the Congress he had no ambitious aims in view, but that his sole object was to accelerate the introduction of civilization into Africa. He afterwards dwelt upon the necessity of establishing hospices and scientific stations on the confines of the unexplored territories there, and the formation of an international committee to carry out the work. Nachtigall, Schweinfurth, Rohlf, Grant, and Cameron gave a brief résumé of their travels; Negri also spoke. The Congress, on the King's proposition, divided into sections by nations.

**The Oriental Congress.**—The Oriental Congress, which met at St. Petersburg during the first ten days of September did much good work in its own department. Many papers were read, most of them connected with Russian, or at least Asiatic Russian, ethnology and archaeology. The members of the Congress were heartily welcomed and well treated at the Russian capital, and among those who enrolled themselves members was the ubiquitous Emperor of Brazil. Among the papers read was an important one on the "Caucasian Race," by Professor Gregorief, in which he pointed out the accidental origin and unsuitability of the term, and endeavored to trace the origin and migrations of the race indicated. He showed that even at the present day many Aryans are to be found in Central Asia.

**Telegraphing Sound.**—The autograph telegraph has been described, and has received much attention. We now hear of a sound arrangement which, when combined with electricity, will enable persons to converse with each other at great distances in the natural tones of their voices. The instrument is trumpet-shaped, and in the interior is a diaphragm of thin parchment, on the face of which revolves an armature, which is set in motion by the waves of sound, and repeats absolutely the notes that may be originated in the instrument. By connecting identically constructed instruments by means of copper wires, the action of the sound-waves may be transmitted a considerable distance. We have here a fac-simile of speech, and any friend would at once recognize the voice of the person addressing him. The instrument has been exhibited before a scientific audience in Philadelphia, and has attracted much attention. Sir William Thomson is to write a notice of it for the use of the Judges of Awards.

**Ventilating Wells.**—Some discussion respecting the ventilation of wells has lately been going on in the Times. Dr. Black gives the following suggestions: Let down a bucket full of water and empty it on its reaching the surface of the water. On pulling up the bucket you will draw up a bucket full of the carbonic acid or foul air, and this may be repeated twenty or thirty times, or more, until it is found by the ordinary practical test that an ignited candle is not extinguished until it reaches the water. When this end is attained descent into the well is safe, but not previously. Or the bucket might be lowered empty, and then filled with water from the well and immediately emptied, when it will be filled with carbonic acid, which may thus be raised, bucket after bucket, as before. Another correspondent, who signs himself "H. E.," writes: "Twice in my lifetime I have had occasion to have wells on my premises cleared out, and in fifteen minutes this was done at each well by throwing down large sheets of paper in full blaze of fire; the foul air rushes out in a perfect volume of wind in a quarter of an hour. I went down a well of thirty feet to fifty feet deep, after trying the usual candle; one well was one hundred feet deep. Let your correspondents try it, and they will find it a very easy method."

### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

**EX-MINISTER MOTLEY**, now at the Hague, has entirely recovered from the trouble with his eyes.

**CAPOUL**, the tenor, is about to marry Mlle. Grévy, daughter of the President of the Chamber under the Empire.

**GERMAN JOURNALS** announce the death of the eminent microscopist, Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg, at the ripe age of eighty.

**MR. GLADSTONE** does his reading and writing in a large, well-lighted room, and trims trees with an American ax for recreation.

**DR. DRAPER'S** "Conflict between Science and Religion" is prescribed in the latest installment of the "Index Expurgatorius" issued from the Vatican.

**MR. PLIMSOLL**, the sailor's friend in the British Parliament, has recently been honored with a serenade and torchlight procession by the seamen at Christiansa, Norway.

**THE** recent death of Rear-Admiral Pennock promotes Commodore Edward Donaldson to be Rear-Admiral, Captain R. W. Shufeldt to be Commodore, and Commander Edward McCann to be Captain.

**THE** heaviest creditor of France is Mme. Hurtado, who draws \$800,000 a year interest. Sir Richard Wallace, the Englishman who has presented the Parisians with a number of elegant drinking-fountains, receives \$200,000.

**PRINCE CHARLES**, the sovereign of the Principality of Monaco, the great gambling centre of Europe, has conferred the regency upon his son, Prince Albert, twenty-eight years of age, who has seen considerable service in the Spanish and French navies.

**REV. DR. MITCHELL**, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Literature in the Chicago Theological Seminary, has been invited to fill, temporarily, the chair of Hebrew in the Regent's Park College, London, made vacant by the death of Dr. Benjamin Davies.

**THE** Jutland peasants are said to be very fond of the Danish royal family. The Greek Queen Olga has been traveling in that region lately, and at a banquet given at Viborg, the ancient capital of Jutland, won all hearts by replying herself, and in Danish, to a toast given in her honor.

**CANARIS**, the gallant Greek admiral who, fifty odd years ago, with forty-two associates, took the sacrament and devoted himself to death in sailing two fire-ships into the midst of the Turkish fleet at Scio, succeeding in destroying the Pasha's ship, with many hundred men, is alive at Athens, a hearty old salt of eighty-two.

**M. DE MUX**, the Catholic Cavalryman just re-elected to the French Assembly, after his election had been invalidated for the use of clerical influences, is said by his friends to be a man who, to the implicit faith of a crusader, an inquisitor, or a hermit, adds an oratory persuasive and burning as that of M. Gambetta, and an insight into affairs like that of M. Thiers.

**THE** new President of the British Association, Dr. Andrews, is a native of Belfast, a pupil of Dr. Thomas Thomson, of Glasgow, and for some time was an assistant of M. Dumas, in Paris. He is well known to the scientific world from his demonstration of the continuity of the solid, liquid and gaseous states of matter, as well as from numerous important discoveries in the fields of science.

**MR. M. S. W. BURNHAM** has been appointed director of the Dearborn University at Chicago. He holds high rank among the astronomers of Europe, being a member of the Royal Astronomical Society of London and of the German Royal Society at Berlin. Professor Proctor says of him: "Mr. Burnham is *facile princeps* among American observers, and is matched by few, if any, in Europe."

**ON** the 3d of September there died at Milan Antonia Luzzi, widow of the unfortunate Leon, Prince of Lusignan and King of Armenia, who died last February. She left six young children wholly without means of support. Three have been taken to public charitable institutions, and the others temporarily adopted by a workman, Jacques Merini. They are the last of a line which reckoned twelve emperors and large kings.

**JOHN O'CONNOR POWER**, Member of Parliament for Mayo County, Ireland, has resigned his position as a member of the Executive Committee of the Home-Rule Confederation, and started for the United States, bearing an Irish congratulatory address on the centennial of American independence, which he and Mr. Charles Stewart Farnell (Home-Ruler), member for Meath, have been delegated to present to President Grant.

**REV. GEORGE B. DRAPER**, D.D., for twenty-five years rector of St. Andrew's Church, died of small-pox at the rectory, corner Fifth Avenue and One Hundred and Thirtieth Street, New York, September 24th (Sunday morning), and was buried at Woodlawn Cemetery, Sunday afternoon. Dr. Draper was born in Brattleboro in 1827, and, after graduating at Columbia, received his theological education at the Seminary in New York.

**THE** three captors of Major André have all now been honored with monuments. A marble cenotaph covers John Paulding's grave in a churchyard at Peekskill, a plain monument of marble Isaac Van Wert's grave at Greenburg, and a costly monument above the grave of David Williams, at Schoharie, was unveiled at that place on the 23d ult. Near the grave of Williams is the old fort, still perfect, constructed in 1762 and taken by the Indians during the Revolution.

**MR. LONGFELLOW** has been occupying his leisure for some time back with making a collection of poems illustrative of the chief localities in different countries. The first volume, which will appear shortly, relates to Great Britain, and it will form a poetical guide-book to its places of interest. The poems of several living writers are included in the collection. As a matter of courtesy, their permission has been asked, and, almost as a matter of course, it has been granted in all cases but one, the sole refusal having regard to the poems of Mr. Tennyson. It is impossible to imagine in what way the Poet Laureate or his publishers would be injured had Mr. Longfellow's request been granted.

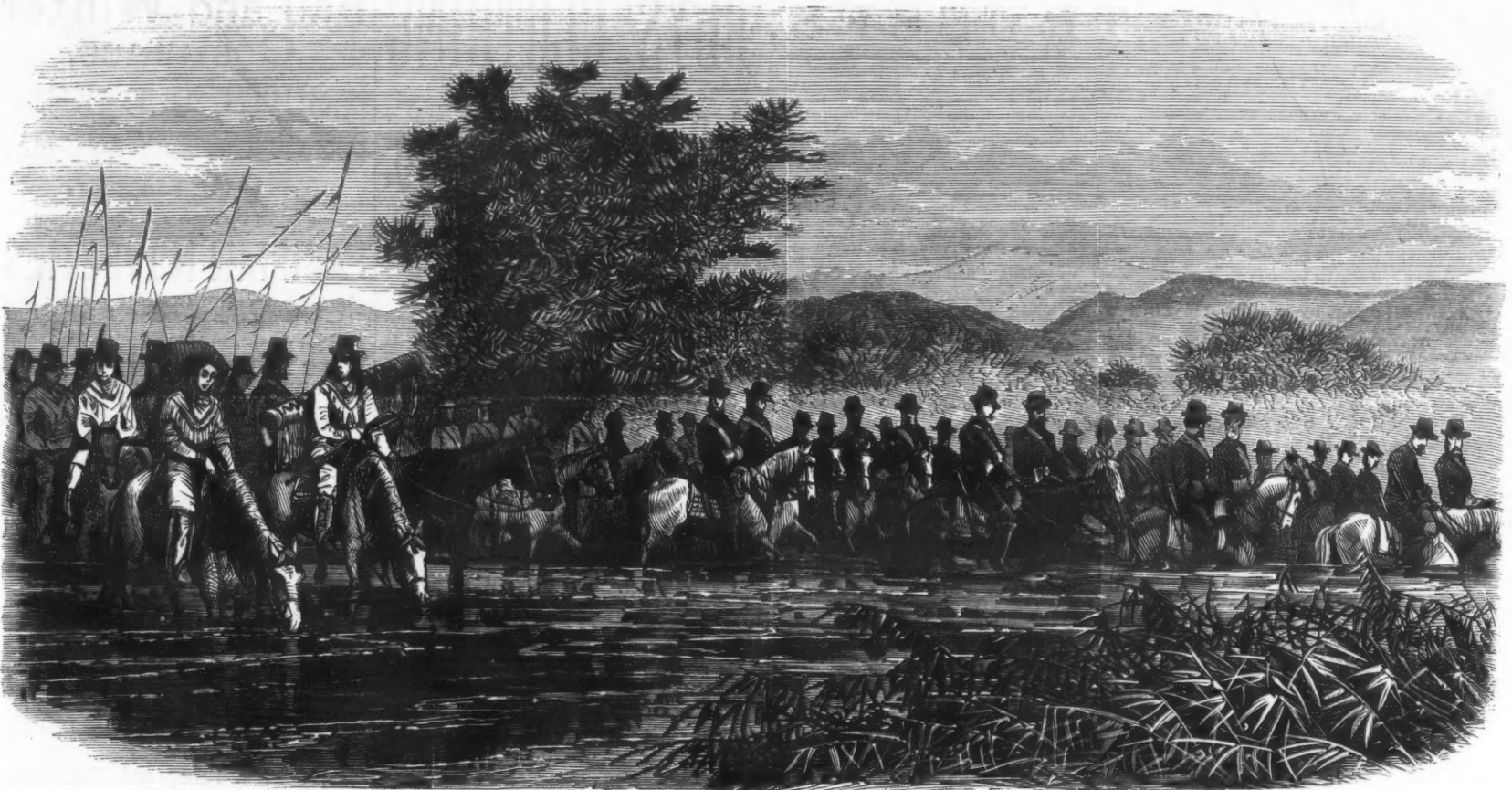
**GENERAL BRAXTON T. BRAGG** dropped dead in Galveston, Texas, on the 27th ult., aged sixty-one years. He graduated at West Point in 1837, was appointed a lieutenant of artillery and served mainly in the war with the Seminole Indians in Florida until 1843. From 1843 to 1845 he was stationed at Fort Moultrie in Charleston Harbor, and just before the breaking out of the war with Mexico he was ordered to Texas. In May, 1846, he was made Captain by brevet for gallant conduct in the defense of Fort Brown, and in the June following was made Captain of Artillery. He was breveted as Major for gallant conduct in the battle of Monterey, in September of the same year; and in 1847 was breveted as Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista. From 1848 to 1855 he was engaged in frontier service, and in March, 1855, was appointed Major of Cavalry, but declined and received leave of absence. He was a prominent soldier of the Confederacy during the war.



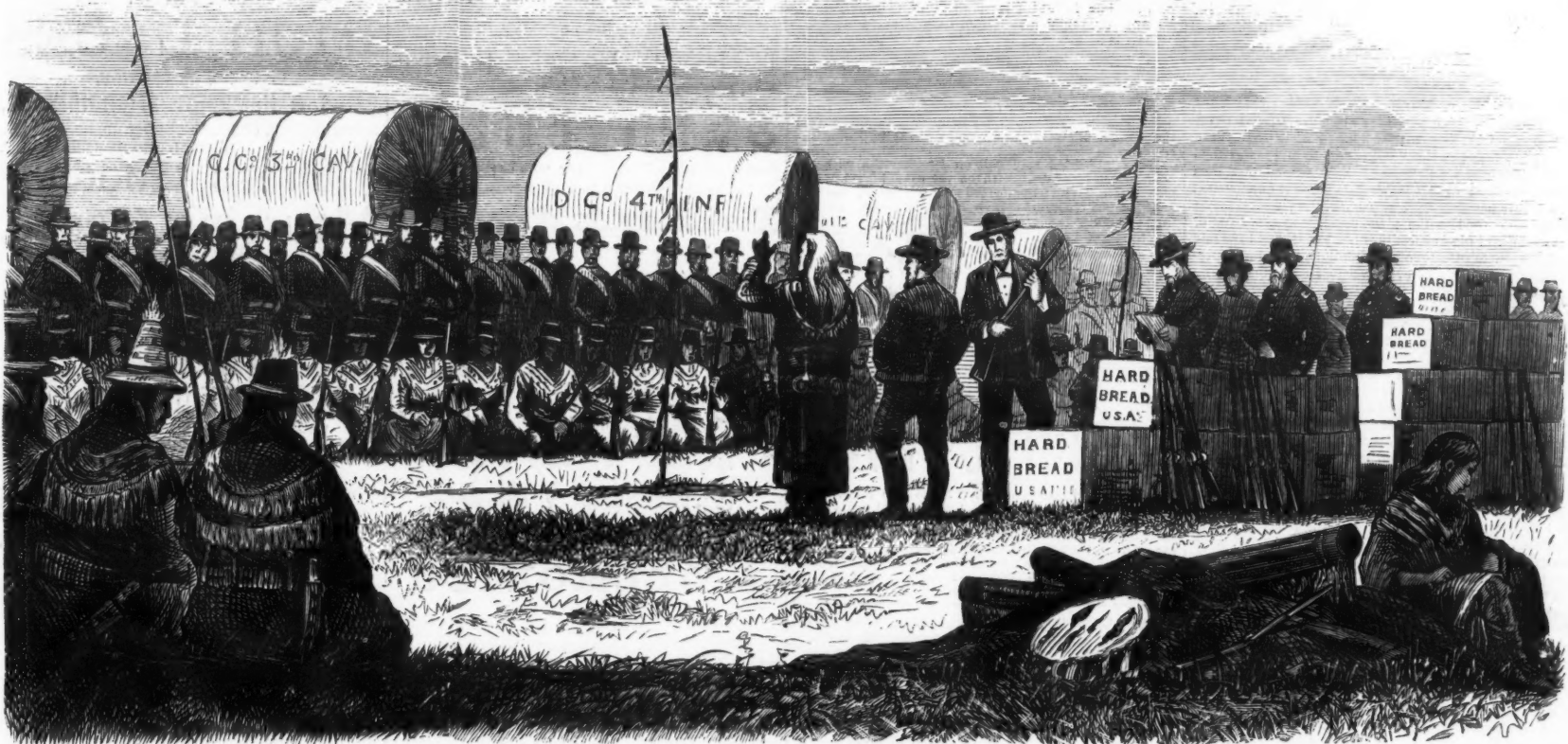


PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE PRESENTATION OF THE REPORT OF THE JUDGES OF AWARDS IN THE JUDGES HALL, SEPTEMBER 27TH—GENERAL HAWLEY ANNOUNCING THE AWARDS.  
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 86.





GENERAL CROOK'S ARMY CROSSING THE WEST FORK OF GOOSE CREEK THE DAY BEFORE THE BATTLE OF THE ROSEBUD, JUNE 18TH, 1876.



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100 Cash Gifts of 300 each.....	30,000
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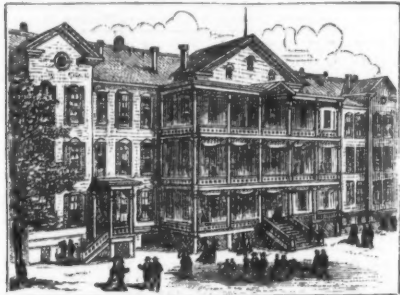
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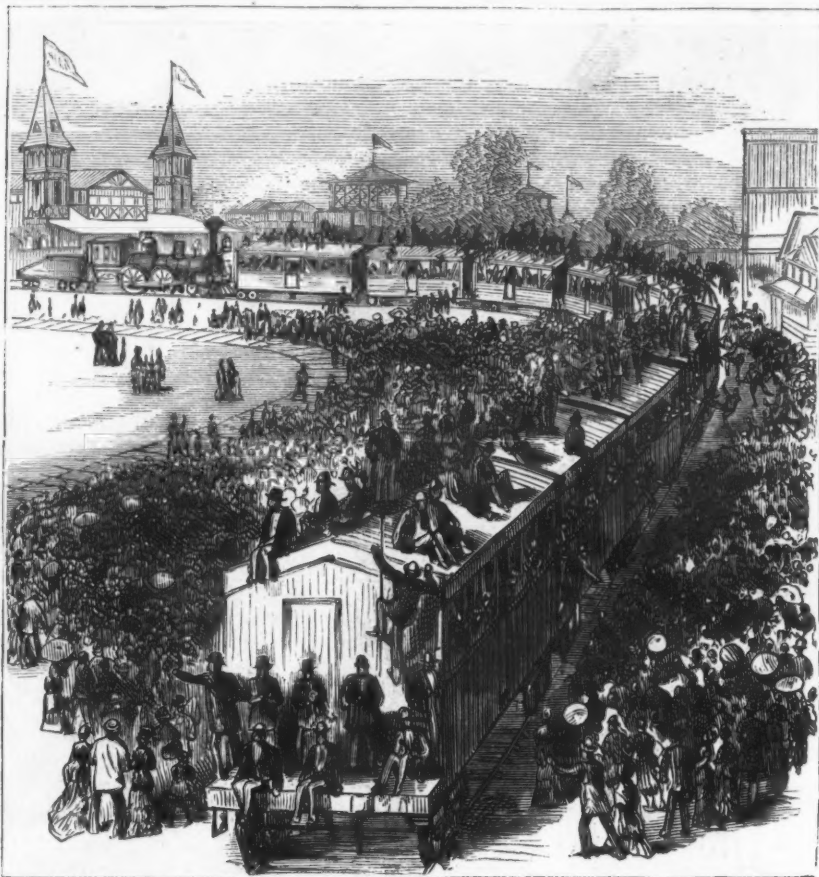
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## PENNSYLVANIA STATE DAY AT THE CENTENNIAL.

(Continued from page 87.)

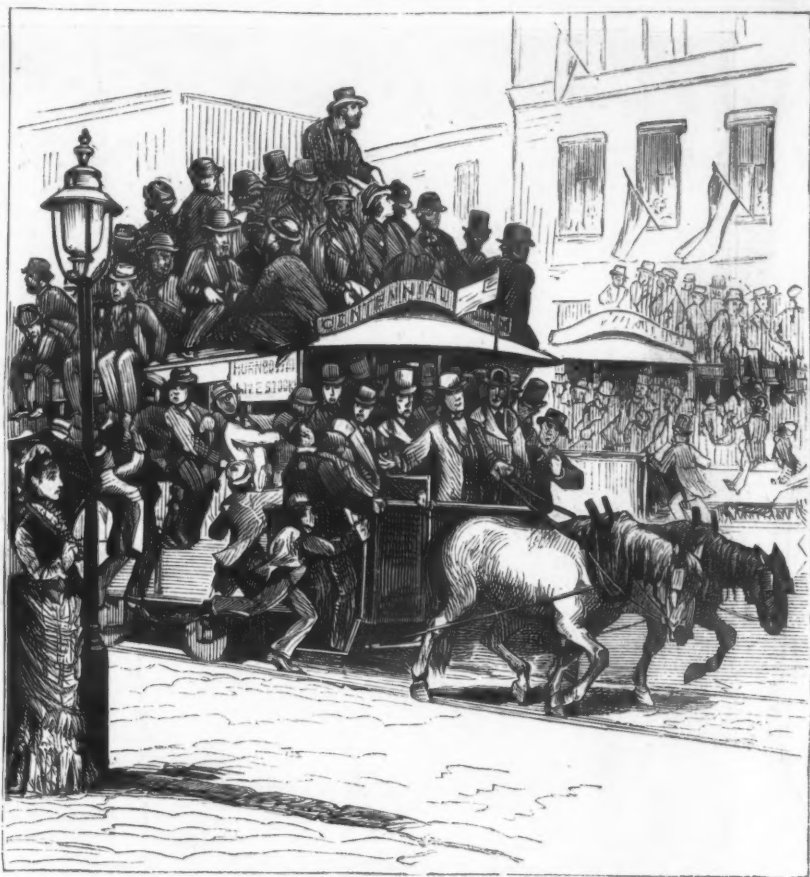
Mrs. Long, Mrs. Sanders, and a number of other ladies of the committee. The reception had nothing formal about it. The visitors being introduced, passed on, and, forming friendly groups, chatted pleasantly on the events of the day. There were no formal speeches. Theodore Thomas's admirable band furnished the music on the occasion, and towards the end the reception was changed into a pleasant reunion, where all enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Each of these places were thronged during the whole time, and thousands were unable to gain admission. In the evening the display of fireworks on George's Hill, visible from the Centennial Grounds, the illumination of the Exhibition Buildings, and the other entertainments, were very successful.

At 7 o'clock the grounds were more crowded than during the afternoon, for thousands who remained in the buildings until the hour of closing had congregated in the brilliant boulevards, and this

number was greatly increased by the hundreds who had come especially to see the fireworks. At about forty minutes after 7 o'clock a calcium light was turned from the west tower of Machinery Hall towards the elevator, and then it became for the first time evident that an entire State had congregated within the picket-walls of the International City. Every portion of the inclosure was bathed in a halo of splendor; the fountain in the lake sparkled diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls in rapid succession; the lake itself mirrored a loveliness far surpassing the rosiest dreams of beautiful Venice, and in the distance Horticultural Hall gleamed like some fabled palace of the Arabian Nights. While all this grandeur was delighting the almost numberless visitors, Professor Brock sent off three large gas-balloons, which carried with them dazzling magnesium-lights, illuminating the country for miles around. One hundred Chinese tourbillions of richly-contrasted colors followed next, and then the pyric portrait of General Washington was set off, but owing to the dampness of the weather was only partially successful. The other firework device, "Columbia Welcoming all Nations," far surpassed

anything of the kind yet seen in this country, and was received with an applause which, beginning on the tower of Machinery Hall, was taken up by the crowds below and carried on further and further until the manifestations of delight finally died away in joyous echoes. The discharge of fifty batteries of saucissons, followed by an amethyst and ruby cloud, produced by the simultaneous discharge of fifty shells, filled the heavens with a splendor of combined colors never before conceived by the wildest imagination. Probably the most beautiful displays in this portion of the programme were the one hundred twin asteroids, which, after rising to an astonishing altitude, floated off into mid-air, like modern "stars of the East," only the bright, glowing beams changed color each moment, and at last terminated in a burst of magnesium-lights, which gleamed in the heavens like new-born suns. Then followed a display of rockets, meteors and shells, so brilliant, so rich in color, and so rare in form, that cheer after cheer greeted the performance, and these signs of approbation did not end until the last bright stars finally faded from sight. The heavens were lit up

with myriads of emerald, sapphire, silver, ruby, and azure stars, which ever and anon burst forth in showers of iridescence, and while floating in the air changed color from deep blue to gold, next to green, and then to maroon and purple. In the salvo of large shells, with stars of every known tint alternately contrasted and harmonized, and the sudden illumination by large magnesium shells, the gorgeous scenes of a few moments before were repeated with even greater effect. Then followed a cascade of silver fire jeweled with Roman lights, and amid this splendor burst forth fifty batteries of silver saucissons. The magnificent, and in this country, unparalleled display, ended with a simultaneous *girandole* of two thousand large rockets, which, bursting in mid-air, formed an aerial bouquet of peerless grandeur, and filled the air with innumerable orbs of such dazzling splendor that the stars above paled in their presence like candles before a calcium light. The pieces were furnished by Brock & Co., of London, and cost \$10,000. They exceeded in extent, diversity and magnificence anything ever attempted in that line on this side of the Atlantic.



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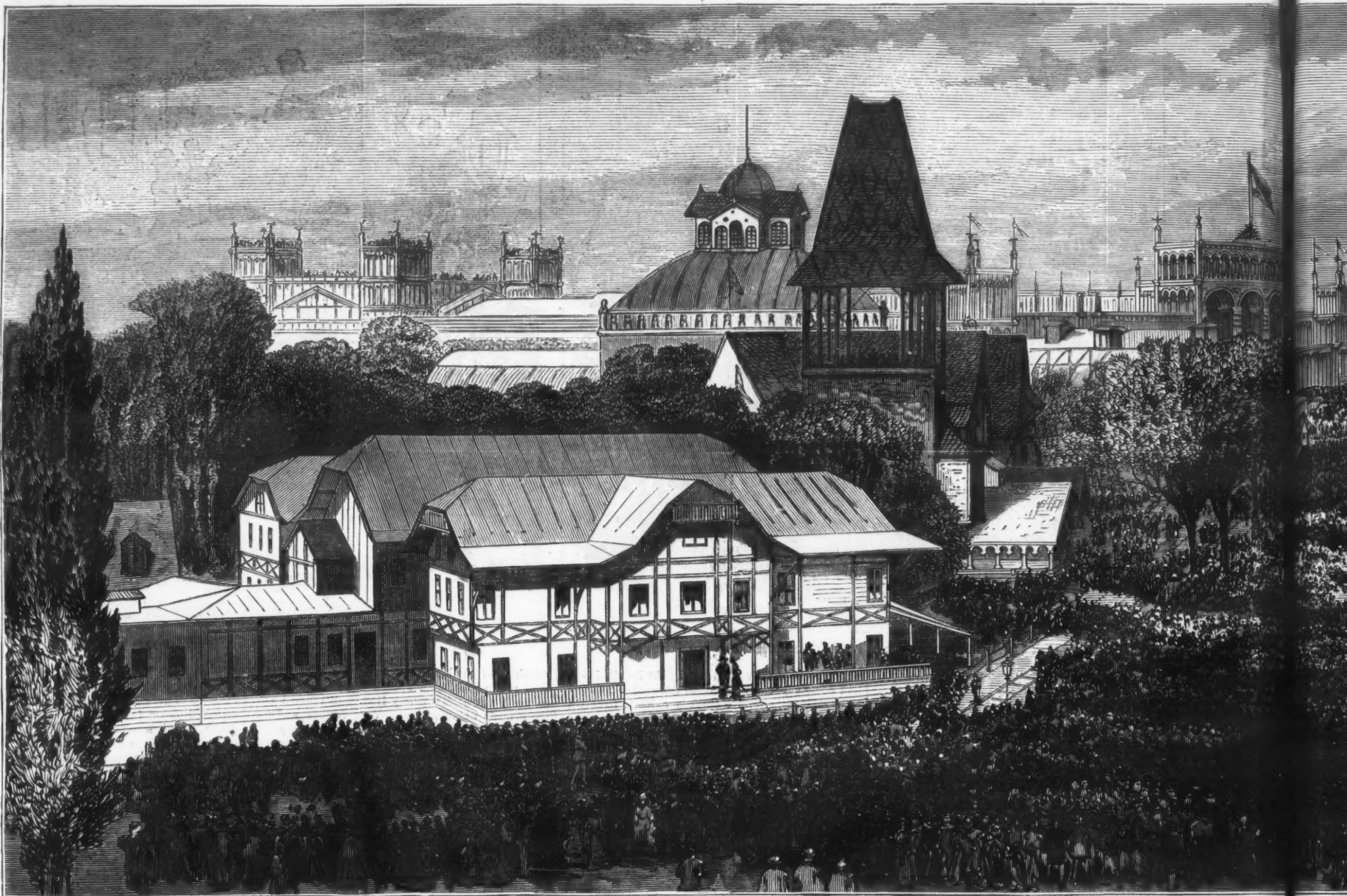


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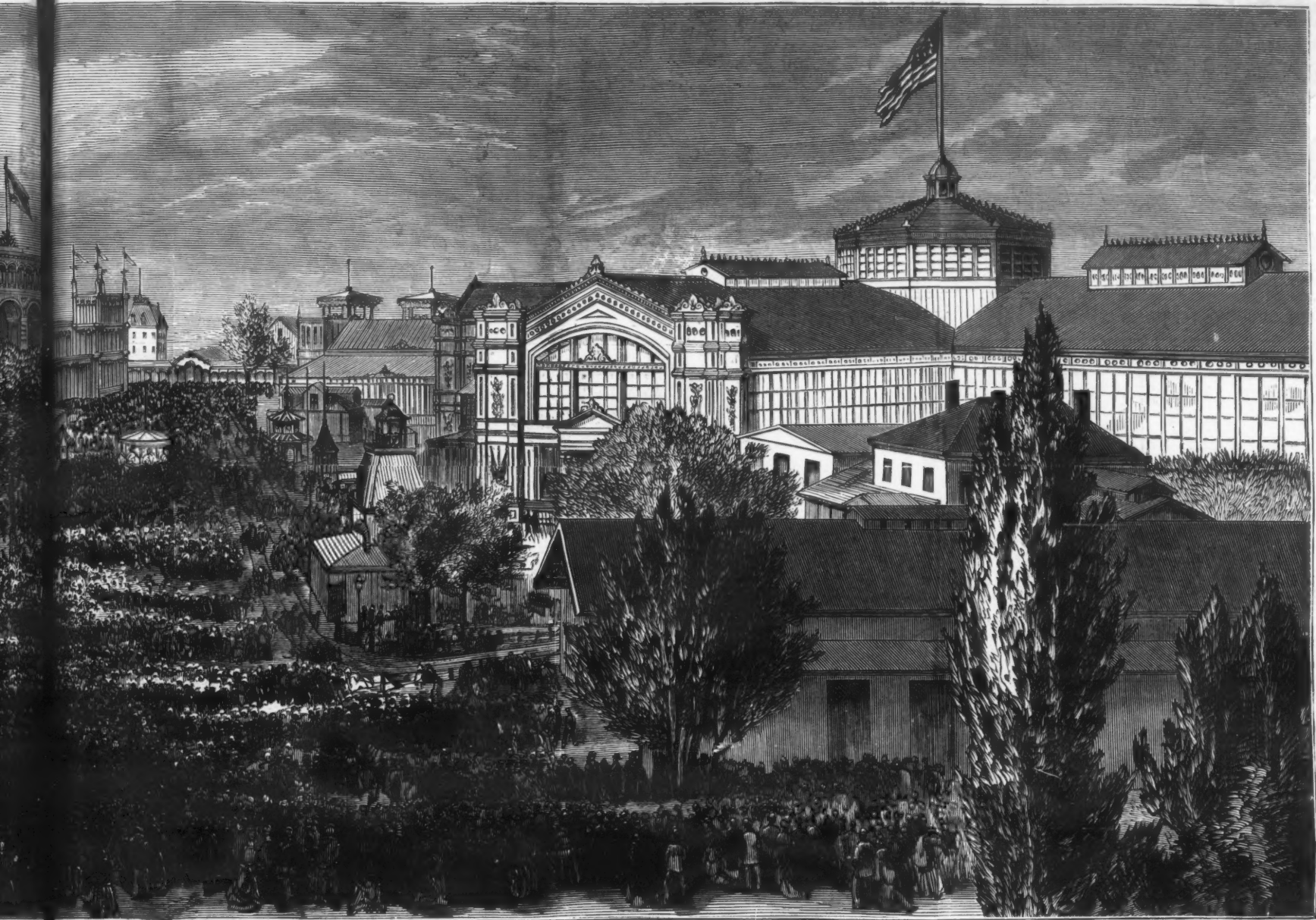


BELMONT AVENUE ON "PENNSYLVANIA DAY."—SCENE FROM THE EXPOSITION

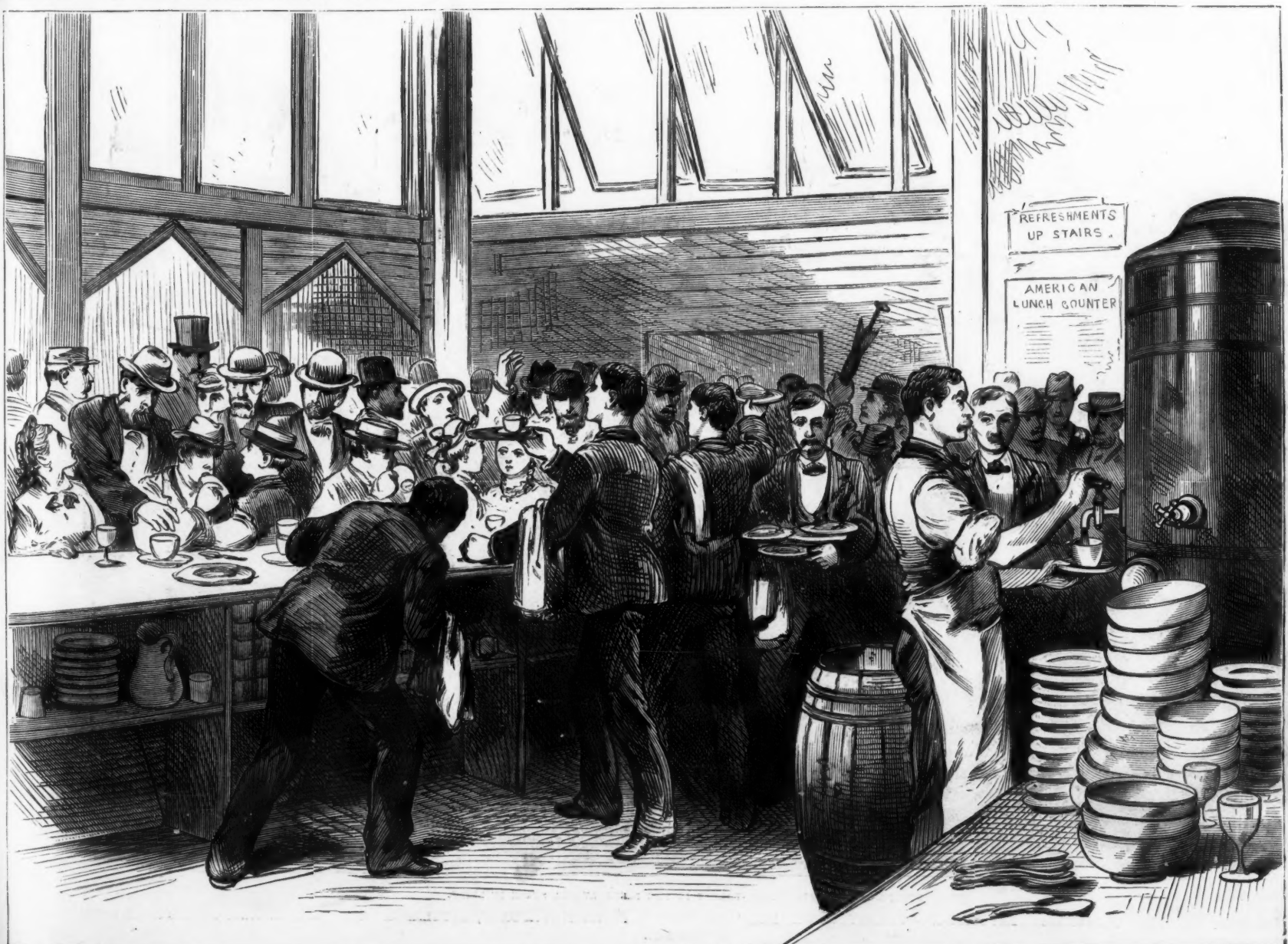


CENTENNIAL GUESTS.—SCENE IN THE LOBBY OF THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL HOTEL.





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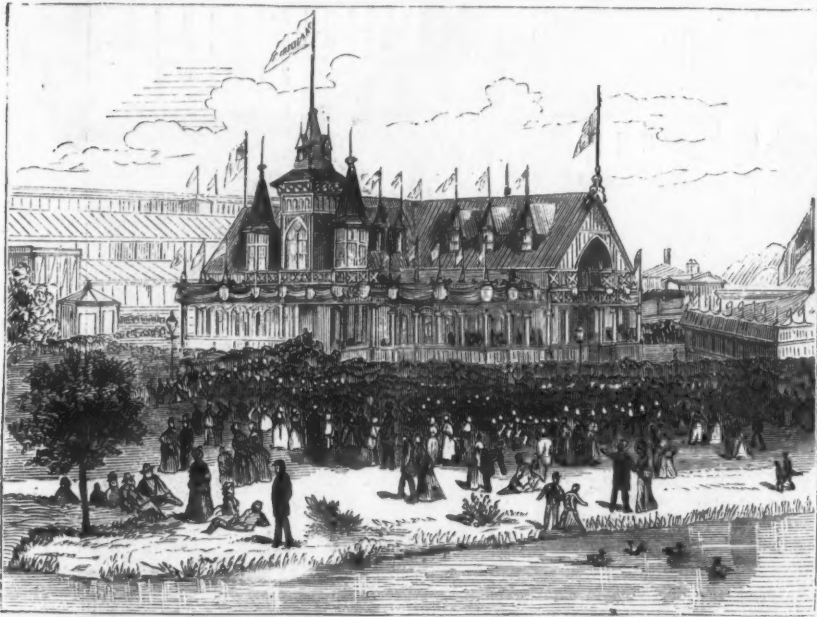


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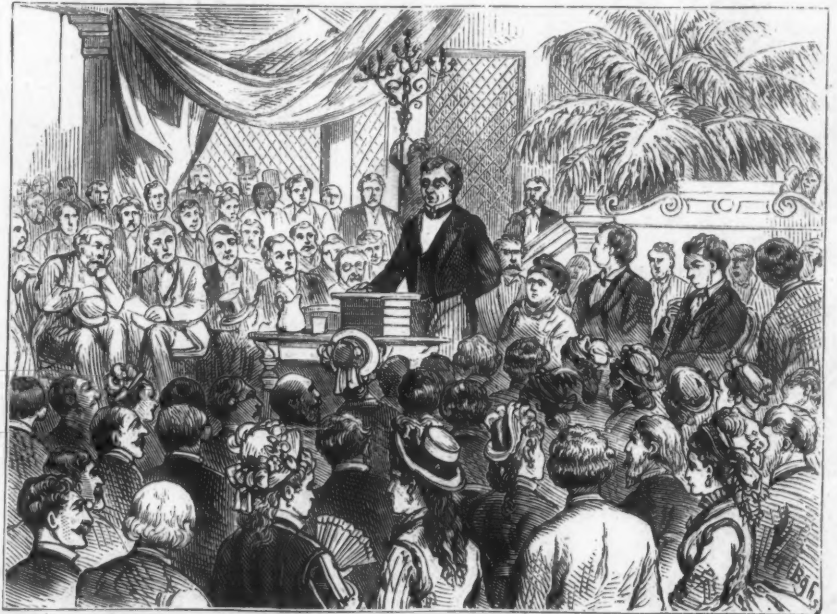
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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 14, 1876.

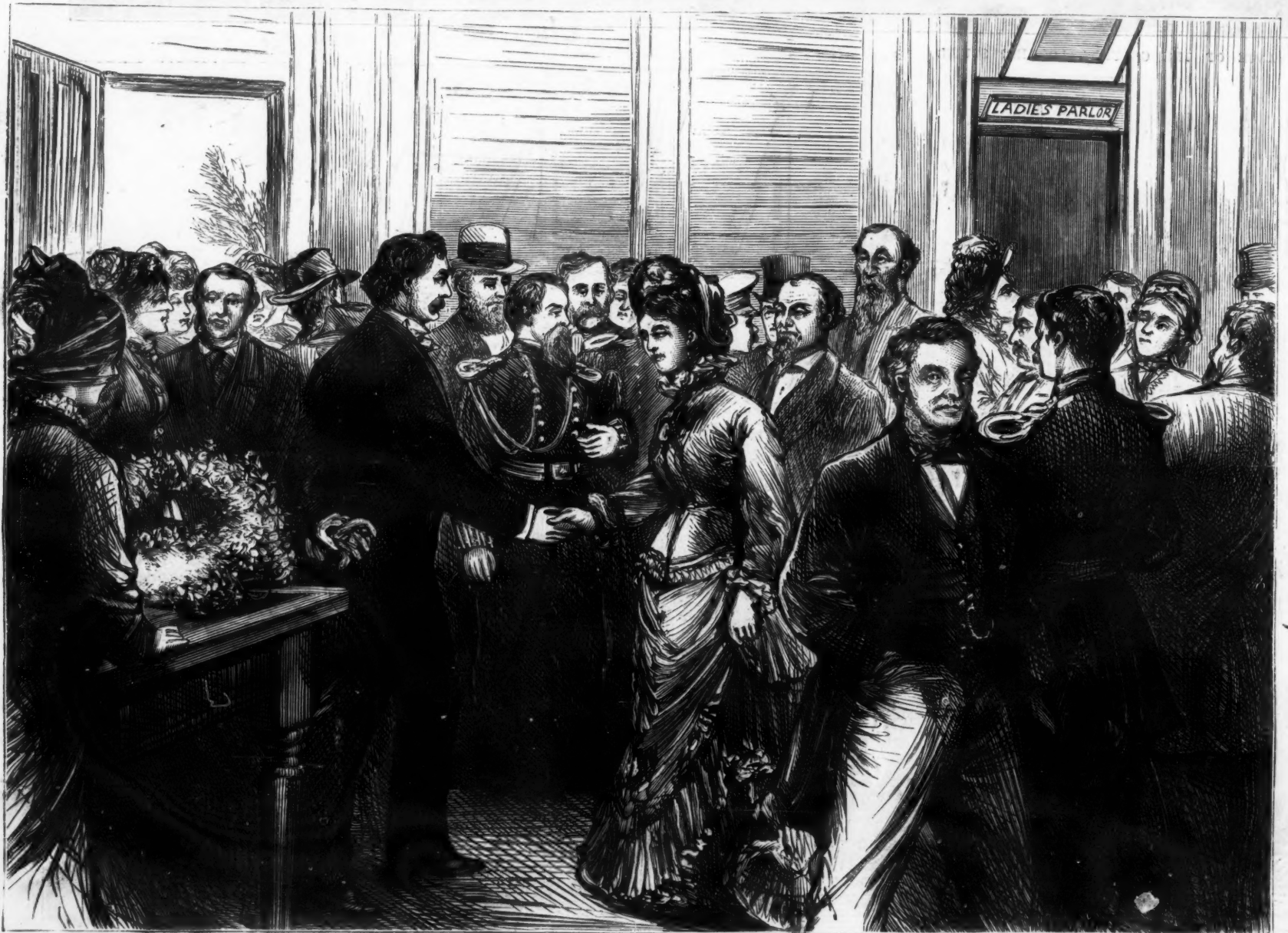
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"PENNSYLVANIA DAY" ON THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, SEPTEMBER 28TH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS. SEE PAGE 87.

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